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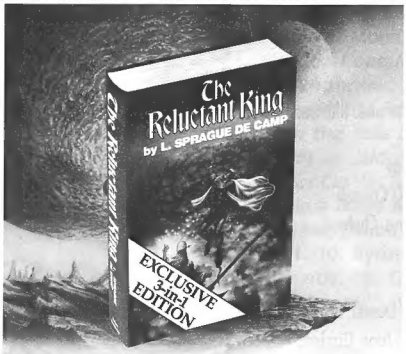

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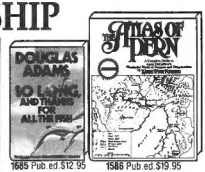

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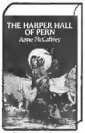

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table of contents

4 **Dossier**

13 **Bodyssey,** by Simon Revelstroke. Illustrated by Richard Corben

21 **Tex Arcana,** by John Findley

25 **The Moviegoer,** by Mitch O'Connell

30 **Elephant Cemetery,** by Yves Chaland

39 **Catch Up**

39 **The Bus,** by Paul Kirchner

41 **The Whisper Mystery,** by Daniel Torres

50 **The Sleeping Princess,** by Juan Giminez

66 **Gallery: Frank Frazetta Sets Up Shop,** by S.C. Ringgenberg

69 ***HM*'s Hollywood Hell,** by Drew Friedman

72 **Zabeth on Astrochnouff,** by Nicole Claveloux

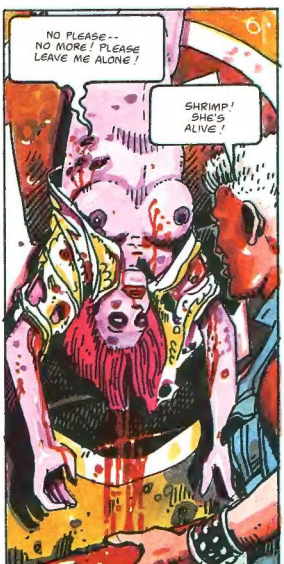
75 **Chain Mail**

77 **Sillavengo,** by Massimo Ghini

88 **Rebel,** by Pepe Moreno. Script additions by P. Ciccone, R. Hingley, and K. Sylvester

96 **Trivial Metal**

Cover, by Toni Taylor



88 Rebel▲

◀30 Elephant Cemetery

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The answers to July's Trivial Metal quiz are: 1. Moebius. 2. September 8, 1966. 3. January 14, 1978; San Francisco. 4. Mona. 5. *The Pyx*. 6. *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe*. 7. A schizophrenic hobgoblin. 8. *Terror Beneath the Sea, Terror Circus, Terror from the Year 5000, Terror Is a Man, Terror at Midnight, Terror by Night, Terror Castle, Terror of the Tongs, Terror in a Texas Town, Terror in the Wax Museum* (among others). 9. Bob Clampett. 10. Byron Haskin. 11. Dr. Reed Richards. 12. Queen Nippla the Pert ("Bodyssey"). 13. *Un Chien Andalou*.

◀ 4 Dossier
▼13 Bodyssey

HUNGHOUL THE SORCERER IS STILL IN A BAD MOOD. HERE AT CASTLE BILIOUS, HE HAD THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE – UNTIL THE BOWL OF FAR-SEEING REVEALED OTHERWISE...
DAMMIT! ONLY SOMEONE WITH THE MENTALITY OF A TREE STUMP – LIKE YOUR HUSBAND – WOULD DARE PIT HIMSELF AGAINST THE BURNING DUNES. CAN NOTHING STOP HIM?
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK
WOW! AFTER ALL THESE PAGES, HE'S STILL ON YOUR TRAIL! YOU'D BETTER MAKE SURE YOU KILL HIM THIS TIME.
ACTUALLY, MY DEAR, HE'S STALKING SOMEONE ELSE. BUT NO MATTER – PILGOR WON'T PROGRESS MUCH FURTHER. HEH! HEH! HEH!

ATLANTIC RELEASING CORP.

dossier

Edited by Steven Maloff

Animation

◀ **He-Man**, the Hulk Hogan of afternoon TV, has at last made it to the screen. You all know He-Man—do not come in the path of your child and his He-Man doll. In his first big-screen adventure, ***The Secret of the Sword***, he discovers he has a sister, Adora, whose spectacular transformations into **She-Ra**, Princess of Power, are better than anything on MTV. And once you've met her, you won't want to miss her fall TV series.

—SM

Strip

● Zippy, that ubiquitous pinhead, is back in the bookstores spewing forth his twisted wisdom in ***Pointed Behavior*** (Last Gasp). This is **Bill Griffith**'s second collection of Zippy strips, which are now syndicated weekly in over thirty-five newspapers. In *Pointed Behavior*, Zippy trades non sequiturs with a mind-boggling cast of junk-culture icons, including the Cabbage Patch Kids, Hello Kitty, Elmer Fudd, Smurfs, Garfield, the Jetsons, and Bozo the Clown. Since Griffith spent the last decade establishing Zippy himself as a junk-culture icon par excellence by marketing the lovable pinhead's visage on T-shirts, postcards, dolls, calendars, buttons, and masks, it follows that he'd allow Zippy to confront his peer group in the strips.

Pointed Behavior prominently co-stars one of Griffith's newest straight men: Shelf Life, a terminally hip, Devoesque dude who proves an inspired foil for Zippy's shaggy dog dialogue. In addition to appearances by Dingy (Zippy's cat) and Lippy (Zippy's twin brother), the ninety-six-strip compilation features brief cameos by two of my favorite Griffith creations—Claude Funston and Mr. Toad. Don't forsake those two lunatic left fielders, okay, Bill?

—Dale Ashmun

DONALD SIMPSON/KITCHEN SINK

Comics

▲ There are those who would say that publishing a parody of Marvel Comics' superheroes is gilding the lily: the formula wore out sometime around 1966. Still, if parody we must, then Donald Simpson's ***Megaton Man*** (Kitchen Sink) is about as good as one can expect. Simpson hews a bit *too* closely to the Marvel formula to earn as many yuks as he might, but his sustained riffs on familiar Marvel plots and characters will be appreciated by anyone who gobbled up *The Fantastic Four* during its Lee-and-Kirby heyday. Megaton Man himself, with his absurdly muscular physique and naive heroism, owes more than a nod to Gilbert Shelton's Wonder Warthog (which really put the kibosh on the superhero formula almost twenty years ago), but it's hard to resist Simpson's "Megatropolis Quartet" and the transformation of Megaton Man into *Captain* Megaton Man. In color, on better paper than this silliness merits.

—Mike Barson

SF

● At first glance, **William Bayer**'s latest detective novel, ***Switch*** (Signet/NAL), reads like something Lawrence Sanders might have written. The switch in question, which takes place in Manhattan, involves a maniac who exchanges the head of a prim schoolteacher for that of an East Side whore. As the blurbs on the cover inform us, this is television miniseries land. But happily, there's more to it. The hero, Police Lieutenant Frank Janek, functions as a real character. A weary thirty-year veteran of the force, Janek serves as a study in personality, a smart man riddled with self-doubt. He is also endowed with a justified fear of his future. A subplot involving murderous rogue cops and a pretty photographer, with whom the detective slides into an affair, underlines this character sketch. As Janek struggles to solve his grisly case, bring corrupt cops to justice, and open himself to human contact, he becomes a rare creature in modern lit—someone the reader can care about.

—Tom Aiken

All-Time Top Ten SF/Fantasy Films

1. ***E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*** **(Steven Spielberg, 1982)**
2. ***Star Wars*** **(George Lucas, 1977)**
3. ***Return of the Jedi*** **(Richard Marquand, 1983)**
4. ***The Empire Strikes Back*** **(Irvin Kershner, 1980)**
5. ***Ghostbusters*** **(Ivan Reitman, 1984)**
6. ***Raiders of the Lost Ark*** **(Steven Spielberg, 1981)**
7. ***Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*** **(Steven Spielberg, 1984)**
8. ***The Exorcist*** **(William Friedkin, 1973)**
9. ***Superman*** **(Richard Donner, 1978)**
10. ***Close Encounters of the Third Kind*** **(Steven Spielberg, 1977)**

All-Time Top Ten Not Including Lucas and Spielberg

1. ***Ghostbusters***
2. ***The Exorcist***
3. ***Superman***
4. ***Superman II*** **(Richard Lester, 1981)**
5. ***Star Trek*** **(Robert Wise, 1979)**
6. ***Heaven Can Wait*** **(Warren Beatty, 1978)**
7. ***Mary Poppins*** **(Robert Stevenson, 1964)**
8. ***Alien*** **(Ridley Scott, 1979)**
9. ***Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*** **(Nicholas Meyer, 1982)**
10. ***Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*** **(Leonard Nimoy, 1984)**

BASED ON VARIETY'S RENTAL CHAMPS

1984 Top Ten SF/Fantasy Films

1. ***Ghostbusters***
2. ***Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom***
3. ***Gremlins*** **(Joe Dante)**
4. ***Star Trek III: The Search for Spock***
5. ***Splash*** **(Ron Howard)**
6. ***Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*** **(Hugh Hudson)**
7. ***2010*** **(Peter Hyams)**
8. ***The Terminator*** **(James Cameron)**
9. ***Dune*** **(David Lynch)**
10. ***Conan the Destroyer*** **(Richard Fleischer)**

Top Ten SF/Fantasy Paperbacks

1. ***Bio of a Space Tyrant: Volume 3: Politician,*** **Piers Anthony (Avon)**
2. ***Ishmael: Star Trek #23,*** **Barbara Hambly (Pocket Books)**
3. ***Ladyhawke,*** **Joan D. Vinge (NAL)**
4. ***Heechee Rendezvous,*** **Frederik Pohl (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
5. ***Day of the Tyrant: There Will Be War (Volume IV),*** **J. E. Pournelle (Tor)**
6. ***V: The Crivit Experiment,*** **Allen Wold (Pinnacle)**
7. ***Daughter of Regals and Other Tales,*** **Stephen R. Donaldson (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
8. ***Dune Messiah,*** **Frank Herbert (Berkley)**
9. ***Millennium,*** **John Varley (Berkley)**
10. ***The Sword of Shannara,*** **Terry Brooks (Del Rey/Ballantine)**

COURTESY B. DALTON

Space Vampires brought to *Life* by *Force*

Colin Wilson wrote the book. *by Kyle Roderick*

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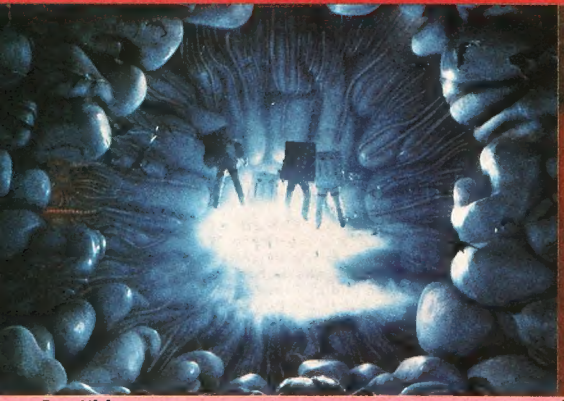


From *Lifeforce* . . .

the film based on Colin Wilson's novel . . .

Space Vampires.

The English cult author **Colin Wilson** published his first book, ***The Outsider***, in 1956. A search-and-synthesize study of alienation in modern life and literature, *The Outsider* seethed with crucial contemporary questions: How can we transcend the confusion, despair, and impotence imposed on us by history and culture? How can we overcome the everyday state of self-delusion that we call consciousness? And most important, how can we evolve into a higher form of humanity? *The Outsider* became a controversial bestseller, subjecting Wilson to intense media glare and literary hype.

Wilson made great copy in postwar Britain; arbitrarily categorized as one of the "Angry Young Men" of the literary scene, he embodied a pre-punk form of street credibility. Reared in "working-class dirt and boredom" in Leicester, Wilson was largely self-educated in a land where writers rarely become writers without first attending university. He left school at sixteen, worked at a string of menial jobs, bummed around Europe, and did time in the Royal Air Force. Devoting himself to writing in spite of these circumstances, Wilson (then twenty-five) wound up sleeping on London's Hampstead Heath rather than hold another nowhere job to pay the rent. Instead, he went to the British Museum Reading Room every day to write *The Outsider*.

Once his fifteen minutes of fame were up, though, Wilson's ensuing books were savaged by the critics for being poorly reasoned; his unorthodox philosophy was soon unfashionable with the general public as well.

Undaunted, Wilson moved to a cottage by the sea in Cornwall, where he has been writing a slew of dissimilar nonfiction and fiction books ever since. Wilson admits to having lost count, but his output hovers somewhere over fifty. His work, when viewed as a whole, however, is concerned with helping us to meet our prime evolutionary imperative: the expansion of consciousness. Most notable are his visionary science fiction novels: ***The Philosopher's Stone***, ***The Mind Parasites***, and ***The Space Vampires***. The latter has just been adapted for the screen by Don Jakoby and Dan O'Bannon *(Alien)*, and was directed by Tobe Hooper (*Poltergeist, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*). Retitled ***Lifeforce***, its plot has the elements of classic high-tech horror: galactic voyages, thermonuclear suspense, vampirism and crime, thought transference and shriveled space ghouls.

It's worth noting here that Wilson has a rather dubious reputation, which probably stems from the sensationalist aura of many of his books. *The Occult, Origins of the Sexual Impulse, A Criminal History of Mankind*, and *An Encyclopedia of Murder* are juicy cases in point. A few years ago, in fact, Scotland Yard investigated the accusation (made in letters to them) that Wilson was the notorious murderer called the Yorkshire Ripper. As my overnight stay with Wilson and his family fell on a full moon, a London friend suggested I wear a cross and some garlic for protection. Taking my chances, I went unarmed, and met a fifty-four-year-old man with pale blue eyes as innocent as water. Wilson comes across as a hip family man who happens to dwell on the wilder shores of the imagination. His perpetually serene expression makes one seriously doubt his being in league with the forces of darkness.

"So what is this magazine you write for?" he greets me with a smirk. "My sons tell me it's great, especially the illustrations.

"I'm very excited about *Lifeforce*," Wilson says as we sit down to talk. "I visited one day when they were filming; they used several of the sets from *Star Wars*. The opticals in the film should be marvelous." Wilson's concept of vampirism, pivotal to the plot of *Lifeforce*, has its roots in factual observation. "I've always noticed that certain people drain energy from those around them, while others seem to have an absolutely tonic effect on whomever they meet. I think we're giving energy—and taking energy from each other—all the time. It strikes me that there is a degree of thought transference constantly going on between people which is quite unknown to them."

Can we infer from Wilson's belief in hidden mental powers that he also sees a sort of mind control involved in sexual and romantic relationships? "Yes, absolutely," he nods. "At the moment, the science fiction writer A. E. Van Vogt and I are writing a *Return of the Space Vampires* that takes this idea as a point of departure. The story is set in New York, and begins with a happily married young woman who finds herself erotically captivated by a strange man, totally against her will."

A lifelong science fiction fan, Wilson names H. G. Wells as one of the greatest novelists of the twentieth century. "Science fiction had a tremendous influence on my development. As a child, science fiction magazines got me fascinated with Einstein and astronomy. By the time I was twelve, I was borrowing books from the library on relativity and quantum theory." Wilson's passion for scientific inquiry, however, is linked with an ultimate faith in the powers of the human mind. Moreover, he believes in the eternal, positive purpose of the life force. From Wilson's bird's-eye view of the cosmos, we may be just dots on a rock in a suburb of a spiral galaxy, but we are nevertheless endowed with a limitless capacity for broadening consciousness. "This is what we're here for," he stresses. "Our ability to think one thought rather than another is our unique freedom, and the more this freedom is exercised, the more the species will evolve."

Given Wilson's New Age humanism, which implies a wariness of the techno-gods of our computerized, digital world, it is hardly surprising that he rates most contemporary sf writers as politically incorrect. "These twits like Arthur C. Clarke who advocate the notion of artificial intelligence are completely misdirected," he charges. "They represent the extreme end of nineteenth-century materialism and the belief that human beings are merely matter. The fact is that we are alive and a computer is not! So there's no possible way we can create a computer that will actually be alive in any meaningful sense. Clarke has a monstrous ego, and it's interesting that he takes this narrow, almost criminal point of view." Apart from Van Vogt, the other sf writer Wilson admires is Robert Anton Wilson, of *Illuminatus Trilogy* fame. Both Wilsons (they are not related) share the belief that "all humans are walking around in a self-distorted universe," and that we must recondition our minds through the systematic, willed expansion of consciousness. Drugs can be a useful tool for this; so can sex or meditation.

"These so-called morality questions of drug use and sexual promiscuity are totally irrelevant," Wilson explains. "The point is that if you get high *intelligently*, if you have a sexual orgy *intelligently*, if your actions have the element of intentionality behind them, then your experience will have a purpose and a meaning. The thing to avoid is using drugs and sex simply for your own passive gratification."

According to Wilson, who has been studying and writing about the right and left hemispheres of the brain for the past decade, we actually have two minds. "Ever since man became a thinker," Wilson observes, "he's been trapped in the left half of his brain; he's become prone to a negative distortion of his own reality. The person you call 'you'—your identity—lives in the left brain. This hemisphere orders your thoughts and opinions in a scientific fashion. The right brain houses the artist, the intuitive, conscious you who perceives patterns and perspectives." Because the bulk of our thoughts are screened through the left brain's windshield of personality, we rarely get into the right brain to experience (orgasms and drug highs excepted) an objective, larger reality. This state of mind Wilson calls "affirmation consciousness," wherein we glimpse the positive nature of the universe and the limitless, unseen powers in ourselves.

"Perception is intentional," Wilson maintains, and in this way negativism feeds itself. What our species must learn to develop is a method of focusing our intellect to a point where right-brain consciousness can be induced at will. Although we have become capable of handling a dizzyingly complex reality, he continues,

Steaming life force.

"The people who ought to be passing on this positive insight—artists and writers—are for the most part creating art that communicates a dismal, self-indulgent pessimism." That the nihilistic playwright Samuel Beckett is a Nobel Prize winner, for instance, symbolizes "everything that is wrong with twentieth-century consciousness. A man who writes plays about people sitting in dustbins saying how meaningless life is! This is incredible to me. Artists like Beckett are pouring a form of cyanide into our cultural water supply. In a sense, my job as a person is to pour the antidote into the collective consciousness." Ever the Outsider, he comments, "Although there are a few writers who are going in the same direction as I am, I feel like I've been doing this pretty much singlehandedly."

Should you think that Wilson's rap sounds like mystic bullshit, then consider how far the force of will and thinking with the right side of his brain have taken him. He is, after all, trying to help us get into the future. "Consciousness expansion is a science," he insists. "It's a project that can be pursued through to the very end. When we've pursued it far enough, we might actually have a completely new power of thought." As if lobbying for a higher form of humanity isn't enough of a cosmic crusade, Wilson mentions that he's just completed a book which investigates the afterlife. "I'm almost embarrassed to say it," he confesses, "but the dozens of case histories I studied point to the evidence of some kind of existence beyond death."

I'm wavering on whether or not I believe in the next world, but I venture that if there is one, Colin Wilson is destined to receive a karma kickback for good behavior. "To be good in itself is nothing," he says, smiling. "One has to be intelligently good in this life."

Think about that. With the right side of your brain. ■

CHARLEX

by Michael Greenhouse

9012 Live

"You Might Think"

• Alex Weil, the thirty-three-year-old co-owner of Charlex, a New York video production and special-effects house, leans back in his chair, drags on his cigarette, and grins. "I'm tempted to do a production someday where somebody normal is walking down the street," he says. "Everything, including his point of view, is normal. Then he comes across these glasses—special binoculars that say 'Charlex' on them. He'll put them on, and the same things you'd see in the normal way are suddenly seen in *that* way."

That way is the Charlex way—a brand of wit and cartooned-out silliness on the lunatic fringe, a "different" version of reality. The Charlex way is a lot of things, really. Except normal.

Or minor league. Right now Charlex is one of the hottest production companies in town. In the last couple of years its work has been all over the boob tube; the company has a client list that reads like a page out of the Fortune 500 and revenues to match—about $10 million a year; and last year it raked in kudos in droves.

You probably caught your first eyeful of Charlex about five years ago, when the *National Enquirer* started selling its sleaze on national TV with the hook: "Enquiring minds want to know." The best-known—and most lavishly praised—Charlex production is the Cars' video "You Might Think." It won MTV's Best Video of the Year award, the gold medal at the St. Tropez Video Festival, and Clip of the Year from *Heavy Metal*. The follow-up Charlex/Cars production, *Heartbeat City* (Warner Home Video), took the gold at St. Tropez for best long form. The opening to 1984-85's *Saturday Night Live* is another high-profile Charlex job; so is an '84 spot for Bubble Yum gum.

So who are these guys, and how did they make it to the major leagues? Alex and his partner, Charlie Levi, also thirty-three, are New Yorkers who met at Johns Hopkins University in 1968. "We were the two guys with long hair," Alex quips. They also dropped out at about the same time: Alex went to work in a bank, of all places; Charlie graduated from Binghamton U., then bounced around the film production biz doing gofer work. About five years later Charlie and Alex hooked up again to form a rock band, the Last Men, and a shoestring video operation called Charlex (Charlie + Alex = Charlex, get it?).

The Last Men was *not* another mainstream act (one of their songs was called "Nobody Told Me About LSD"); it wasn't your basic success story either. The closest they came to a hit record was "Jimmy I Go," which sold ten thousand copies—in *France*. Two years of that scene and Charlie and Alex were ready to get serious about Charlex.

The company started out producing animatics, which are basically low-rent cartoons used by ad agencies to visualize and test commercial ideas. Alex and Charlie cranked out thousands, which "brought us to a point of great discipline in terms of videotape editing," says Alex.

They also started toying with the basic animatic concept, slipping in little bits of weirdness just for fun. It was sort of like this: an agency would have them do an animatic of, say, a waffle iron doing its thing on a waffle. Alex and Charlie might take a picture of Richard Nixon's face and slip it into the sequence in place of the waffle.

In 1979, adman Dick Earle brought Alex and Charlie their star vehicle—the *Enquirer* account. It turned out to be a marriage made in lunatic heaven. "If it wasn't for the *Enquirer* none of this would have happened," says Alex. "They were the first to really let us go—in the sense that we were truly participating in the creation of a commercial from the beginning."

ABC, after seeing some of the *Enquirer* stuff, gave Alex and Charlie their next big-time business—station identifications, logos, things like that. Then, a couple of years ago, the Cars came to Charlex with a video project, "You Might Think," and the proverbial dam of creativity broke loose. "They just said, 'Do your thing,' " says Alex. "They loved the *Enquirer* commercials, and Rick Ocasek was very trusting."

Think again.

The video kicked ass and the Cars went for the Charlex treatment again—this time to promote their latest album, *Heartbeat City*. This job, which features an Anywhere, U.S.A. cityscape, ended up in the rack at your local home-video store; it didn't get much play on MTV.

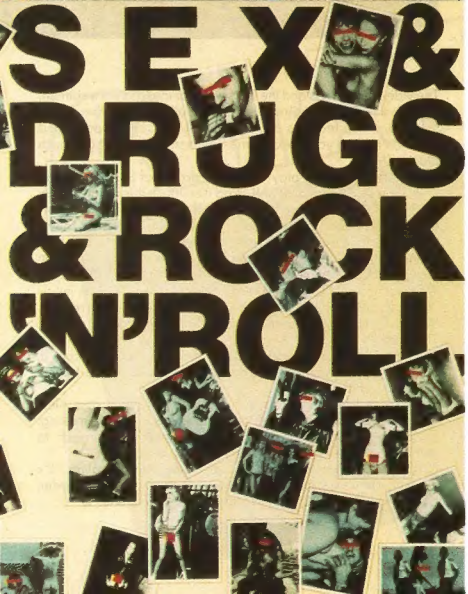
It did get some heavy play in the boardroom of *Saturday Night Live*, though. The folks at *SNL* liked it so much they had Charlex do a New York cityscape for them. And that's what they got, sort of: hot dogs float through the night sky as Christopher Guest takes a bath in Yankee Stadium and Mary Gross irons a shirt on the Flatiron Building. Charlex next worked with Yes, for whom they produced the full-length rock videocassette *9012 Live*.

Alex admits that "Charlex is a surrealism factory." But he insists "we are not by philosophy or any other pretensions surrealists. We work the equipment and we do what the equipment can do. That's all."

That they do. And they do it with a "machine," as Alex calls it, that's slick and getting slicker, and with a serious "we're-hotter-than-shit" attitude.

"In a sense what we do here is a visual fuck you," says Alex. Fuck you to realistic images and conventional image making. Fuck you to the beautiful-moments-of-sincerity approach to commercial making and even to rock-video making.

"That's why I want to do Twisted Sister," says Alex, giggling. "It's the ultimate fuck you. The face of the lead singer, Dee Snyder, will actually appear as a moment of relief in this one."■



Comics

◀ Remember the "Doppler effect" from high school physics? "Wavelengths shifting in correlation to the speed at which objects move relative to each other." Well, throw out your physics books, if you haven't already—the Post Brothers are here. They not only shift wave patterns when they move, they shift entire realities—at will, in nanoseconds. For us, following the reality shifts in the premiere issue of ***Those Annoying Post Bros.*** requires more time. Just like high school physics, reality shifts can be confusing business. It's not easy to follow the mystery of an underworld "drop" while jumping from the violent reality of an intergalactic punk-rock club to a cartoon reality where everyone is invulnerable because violence is unreal. *Those Annoying Post Bros.* is an adult book not so much because of its adult topics as because it must be read diligently to be appreciated.

Longtime readers of *HM* will have a head start. They'll be familiar with the infamous Ron Post and the Bulldagger band members from *HM*'s earlier serialization (March 1980 through June 1981) of artist **Matt Howarth**'s "Changes." They'll also recognize the scripting abilities of *Heavy Metal*'s **Lou Stathis**. (*Those Annoying Post Bros.*, published bimonthly by Vortex Comics, 96 Spadina Avenue, 9th floor, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 2J6. Two dollars postpaid direct from the publisher, or ten dollars for a six-issue subscription.)

—Jay Kennedy

SF/Fantasy

• If a time machine had fantasies, it could use **John M. Ford**'s ***The Dragon Waiting*** to stimulate itself. This novel portrays a European Renaissance world in which the Byzantine Empire is the powerhouse political force that chews away at Europe with the endless hunger and mindless cruelty of a shark. The Judeo-Christian faiths are insignificant cults, while gods and their mysteries from the previous Greek and Roman eras have survived. This is a historical novel that punches all the buttons on the fantasy control board—wizards, vampires, magic, mercenaries, wise women. There's gore enough to satisfy horror fans and action enough to satiate sword-and-sorcery aficionados. There are also good female characters, including the personal physician to Lorenzo de' Medici.

Avon didn't bother to put "1984 World Fantasy Best Novel Award" on the cover. Instead its publishers packaged the book like any old bodice-ripper, a cruelty to both book and author.

—Constance Ash

Pix

◀ Leave it to the Brits to get down to the nitty-gritty. In the hallowed tradition of *Hollywood Babylon* comes ***Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll*** (Fratelli Gallo Editori), an eye-popping collection of rock "heroes" in various stages of undress, inebriation, and other embarrassing conditions.

Compiled by **Miles**, a veteran of rock bio, *Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll* adheres to the adage that one picture is worth a thousand words, so other than captions and hilariously droll chapter titles, there is no blabber to bother with.

Among the glitterati knockers you'll encounter are Ronnie Spector's, Patti Smith's, Grace Slick's, Siouxsie's (of the Banshees), Marianne Faithfull's, and . . . Millie Small's (remember "My Boy Lollipop"?). A few of the guys who flash their family jewels include Mick Jagger (look closely), Dr. Hook (who cares?), Iggy Pop (well hung), and Sid Vicious (playful ol' Sid!). Don't forget "The Hose Pipe Syndrome" chapter, which features such luminous grape smugglers as Marc Bolan, Todd Rundgren, and David Bowie. My favorite chapter, "Rock 'n' Roll Is Being Photographed with Naked Women," captures ex-Animal Alan Price in bed with a topless Joan Collins.

Hunt for this classic in record stores that specialize in imports, because it was published in Hungary and may be difficult to find.

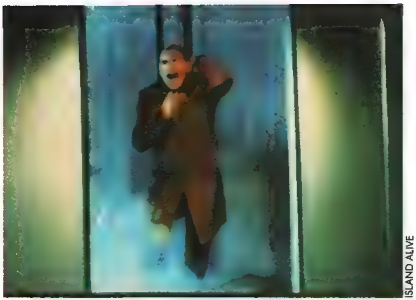
—Dale Ashmun

Strip

• Colorful, flashy covers, in the public's mind, are almost synonymous with comic books. Red, yellow, and blue—the simplicity of the primary colors used on the cover of ***Jaxon's Illustrated Tales*** caught my attention amidst a rack full of comics, each so heavily laden with color that when displayed together they melded into a muddled mass.

The skillful use of color on the cover of this otherwise black-and-white book first attracted me, but it was the recognition of Jaxon's name that made me grab a copy. **Jack Jaxon**, a native Texan, is best-known for his impressive nonfiction cartoon works, *Comanche Moon* (Comanche Indians) and *Los Tejanos* (Texas Mexicans and Texas statehood). *Jaxon's Illustrated Tales* tells two tales and has an equal number of surprises. The first tale, "God's Bosom," is a nonfiction account that relates the ordeals of Spaniard Fray Marcos after a 1554 shipwreck that left him stranded in hostile Indian territory along the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The second tale, "Bulto . . . A Mountain of Silver," contains the surprises, the first of which is a fusion of his current penchant for nonfiction and his old love of EC horror comics. (FTR Publishing, 2001 Southwest Freeway, Houston, TX 77097.)

—Jay Kennedy



ISLAND ALIVE

FILM

▲ From Holland comes ***The Lift***, a horror film about a murderous elevator—like Christine in the Empire State Building or *Dressed to Kill* without a drag queen. This is the feature-film debut of **Dick Maas**, the thirty-two-year-old director of Golden Earring's "Twilight Zone" video (one of my favorites to this day). But his movie really gave me the shaft. I wanted to see more people getting killed, not the personal problems of our mechanic/investigator Felix Adelaar (Huub Stapel). Besides, microchip mayhem may be new to Holland, but over here it's a potent sedative. Need a lift? Nah, I'll jump.

—Steven Maloff

Rock

• XTC has traditionally been a group as eccentric as it is musically advanced, but for its new LP, ***25 O' Clock*** (Virgin), the two arms of its attack are embracing the concept of psychedelia. Calling themselves **the Dukes of Stratosphear**, Partridge and company send up the fuzz-tone sound of yore, complete with Eastern-scale guitar doodling that's right on the money as a parody/tribute to this late-sixties genre. Close your eyes and you'd swear portions of this are an Electric Prunes or Pink Floyd album, though Partridge's voice and occasional signature rhythm guitar parts cut through the shtick. This is an extremely well-executed joke, due to the high caliber of musicianship in the group, which is why XTC has always managed to channel its madness into innovative yet "accessible" songs. Having sworn off touring and retired into the role of a studio group, it's not suprising that these gifted songsters would start dabbling with production sounds as a separate entity for their amusement.

—Jon & Sally Tiven

Pop

• Face it, Robert Palmer hasn't made a listenable record since "Bad Case of Loving You," and the guy was practically on his last legs until a couple of Duran Duran members came along. And if you were as desperate as he is for an American success, you'd jump at the chance to make the ***Power Station*** (Capitol) record, too.

And if you were in Duran Duran and wanted to get up from under Simon LePudge's thumb, you'd try to find yourself a recording situation that you could assume more control over. But Duran Duran's Taylor boys are not great excuses for musicians. They look trendy as all-get-out, and manage to simulate the movements of real musicians, but Duran Duran had one hit and rewrote it three times for consecutive single successes of diminishing returns. Palmer's lyrics are as embarrassing as anything he's ever done, but they serve as punctuation marks upon the mighty dance beat of Tony Thompson, who delivers the only real performance on this album.

But look at the bright side. Their version of "Bang a Gong" is superior to Frankie Goes to Hollywood's. They only half ruin it.

—Jon & Sally Tiven

EAGLE COMICS

Comics

▲ In the bloody wake of the popular *Judge Dredd* monthly ("I am the law!") comes ***2000 A.D.*** (Eagle Comics), a six-issue "mega-series" (yow!) of laughing-Limey post-holocaust nihilism. Featured in triptych progression are Mr. Justice Dredd himself (Dirty Harry with a radioactive hangover), D.R. and Quinch (the Post Brothers meet Cheech and Chong), and Strontium Dog (the Good, the Bad, and the Mutoted). Lotsa yuks, violence, and unapologetic vigilantism; essential bathroom reading for civilization's twilight years.

—Lou Stathis

VIDEO VOYEUR

BY JIM FARBER

Impulse (1984, Vestron) Directed by Graham Baker.

How's this for a premise? A secret chemical contaminates the milk supply of Yahooville, U.S.A., and suddenly everyone acts on every sick impulse that crosses his mind. To wit: An old coot pisses on a car in broad daylight, a woman cracks her kid's wrist for disobeying orders, and the sheriff plugs a little boy full of lead for swiping candy. Sounds like your average day in Manhattan, doesn't it? Too bad Baker doesn't create much tension. Nor does he make the most of the perversity of the premise. Meg Tilly is the only credible presence here—give her the Sissy Spacek/Dorothy Gale Pure Innocence Award 1985.

Mike's Murder (1984, Warner Brothers) Directed by James Bridges.

This one lasted approximately two seconds in the theaters, and watching it now on video I can say it should have been pulled sooner. Debra Winger has a few romantic encounters with a charmless, drug-peddling asshole and, naturally, falls madly in love. The idea of going gaga for a dangerous creep is a good one, but unfortunately writer-director James Bridges tells us absolutely nothing about Winger's character, so there really is no story. Her zombie-like performance doesn't help any (though it's a welcome change from her usual ham-it-up job). A gay record producer also falls for Mike, which really makes no sense, since he can have his pick of slimeball hustlers. And Mike isn't even very cute.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai (1984, Vestron) Directed by W. D. Richter.

Talk about your self-conscious B movies!! *Banzai* goes for the jarring, staccato rhythm of comic book panels—*Heavy Metal* panels at that—replete with self-aware trash-culture references. But Richter's timing is so far off that his humor isn't ironic, just incoherent. Sharing the blame is the cast (playing a group of rock 'n' roll scientists falling somewhere between Devo and the Ghostbusters). They all try so hard to be cool they wind up practically catatonic, especially lead Peter Weller and the never-funny Jeff Goldblum. At the other extreme, John Lithgow can't even maul the scenery properly. Also, the sound on the cassette is muddy beyond belief. ▼

The Sender (1982, Paramount) Directed by Roger Christian.

Visiting Hours (1981, CBS/Fox) Directed by Jean Claude Lord.

Death Valley (1982, MCA) Directed by Dick Richards.

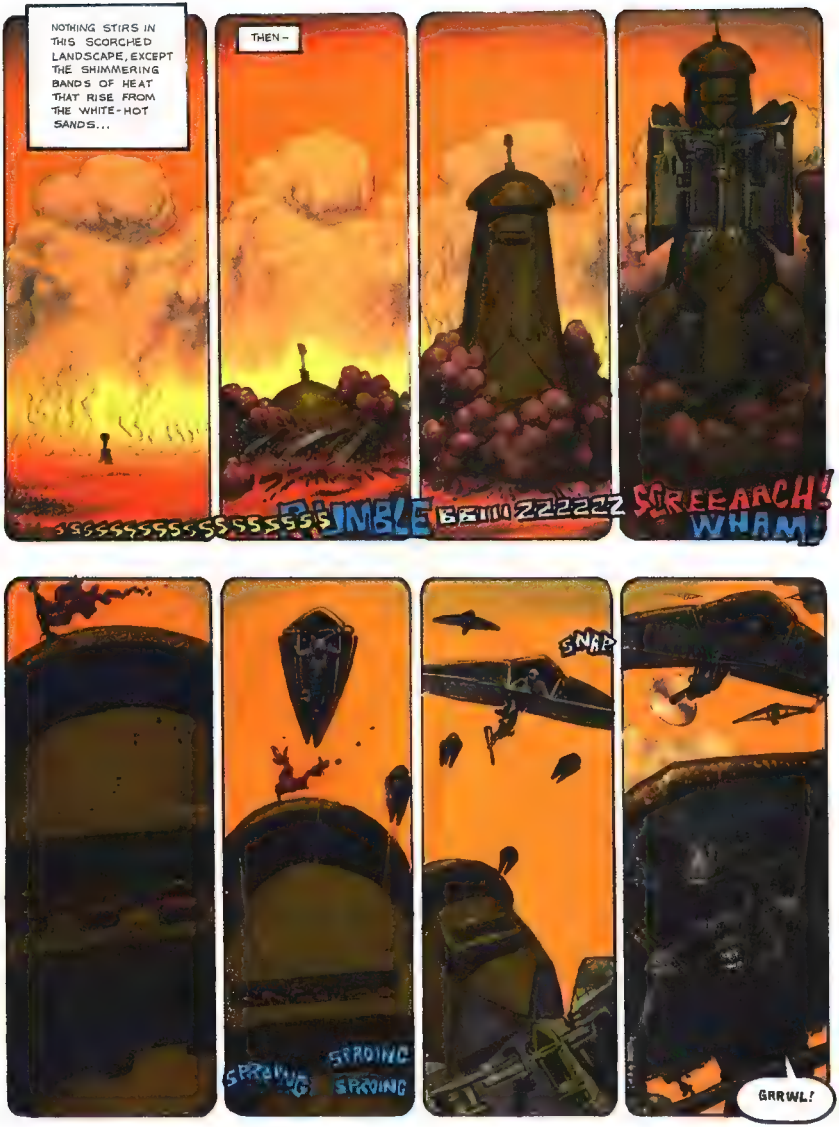
The MOR critics who think they know what's good for you show horror movies all the respect that hatchet-wielding maniacs usually show their victims. Consequently, some very worthy terror entries wind up on the slab, including these from the last few years.

Considering that *The Sender* is Roger Christian's directorial debut, his confidence is amazing. Also tops are the actors—sweet-faced Zeljko Ivanek and Kathryn Harrold, who plays his shrink/substitute mom as Miss Empathy incarnate. Harrold, who's gotten stuck in some of the sourest lemons ever (*Yes, Giorgio* in movies, *McGruder & Loud* on TV) here reveals herself as one of the screen's smartest dishes. She's both sexy and maternal, a perfect balance, given the movie's theme. On one level it's a tale of Oedipal horror (made all the more discomforting by the movie's sensuality). But on another level it's a hyper-paranoid view of the worst consequences of identifying deeply with someone—in short, of feeling that thing called love.

Less emotionally developed, but still engrossing, is *Visiting Hours*. Truth be told, it's really just another knife-o-rama, but setting it apart from the nine jillion other post-Halloween hack jobs is Jean Claude Lord's sly direction. He and screenwriter Brian Taggart have devised a nonstop slew of inventive setups for destruction (a little number in a dumbwaiter is particularly chilling). The movie consciously tries to escape the usual slasher-flick sexist rap by having a feminist heroine (Lee Grant) and including some key references to wife beating. (Of course, they still can't resist knocking off the promiscuous nurse ASAP.) Oh well, as snuff movies go it's still a giant step above, say, *Humongus*, and the bad guy, Michael Ironside, is so convincing you'd think he eats baby brains for breakfast.

Death Valley also features one of the most underrated modern baddies—Steven McHattie, whose sense of evil is most densely concentrated in his lips (really!). The movie's title may sound like your usual saddle 'n' spurs fare, but in fact it's a unique horror comment on Westerns. Our heroes are traveling through a frontier-town tourist trap when they're assaulted by a local gold-mining serial murderer. Take it as an extreme example of true Old West wildness visited upon the new.

BY UBBO-SATHLA'S STEAMING INNARDS!
BODYSSEY
by Simon Revelstroke
illustrated by Richard Corben
©1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE
SEE THAT! THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!
OH?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUNGY-HONEY?
HUNGHOUL THE SORCERER IS STILL IN A BAD MOOD. HERE AT CASTLE BILIOUS, HE HAD THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE - UNTIL THE BOWL OF FAR-SEEING REVEALED OTHERWISE...
DAMMIT! ONLY SOMEONE WITH THE MENTALITY OF A TREE STUMP - LIKE YOUR HUSBAND - WOULD DARE PIT HIMSELF AGAINST THE BURNING DUNES. CAN NOTHING STOP HIM?
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK
WOW! AFTER ALL THESE PAGES, HE'S STILL ON YOUR TRAIL! YOU'D BETTER MAKE SURE YOU KILL HIM THIS TIME.
ACTUALLY, MY DEAR, HE'S STALKING SOMEONE ELSE. BUT NO MATTER - PILGOR WON'T PROGRESS MUCH FURTHER. HEH! HEH! HEH!


NOTHING STIRS IN THIS SCORCHED LANDSCAPE, EXCEPT THE SHIMMERING BANDS OF HEAT THAT RISE FROM THE WHITE-HOT SANDS...
THEN -
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
RUMBLE
BRUM ZZZZZZ
SCREEARCH!
WHAM!
SPROING
SPROING
SPROING
SNAP
GRRWL!

SOON, SEVERAL LEAGUES TO THE WEST...
I BEG YOUR PARDON, I-
SSSTOP YOUR WHINING! I DIDN'T RESSSCUE YOU TO LISSTEN TO THISSS! FIRSSST WE'LL FIND THAT DOPE PILGOR AND TAKE HISSS MAGIC SSSWORD. THEN WE'LL RESST.
BUT, YTGNA, YOU PROMISED ME A ROSE GARDEN, POOLS OF PERFUME, A COOL MARBLE BED, ICY WINES...
WAIT! WHAT'SSS THAT NOISSSSE? SSS SSSOUNDSS LIKE HISSSSING.
COULD BE YOUR BREATHING. HEY! I THOUGHT I SAW SHADOWS CROSS THE SUN.
SSSTAY HERE. I'LL TALK OUR WAY OUT OF THISSS.
SSSEVEN HELLSSS! THEY DON'T LOOK FRIENDLY
FRIENDLY? THEY DON'T EVEN LOOK HUMAN!
HI! HOT DAY, ISSSN'T IT? LISSSTEN, I KNOW WE'RE PROBABLY TRESSSPASSSING, BUT WE DIDN'T SSSEE ANY SSSIGN, SSSO THERE'SS NO NEED TO GET HOSSSTILE, RIGHT? SSSEE THE SSSMOOTH SSSKIN THERE? SSSHESS YOURSSS.
JUST LET ME GO.
SSSSSHE GIVESSS GREAT-
-HEAD!
THUMP
AND THUSSS PASSETHED YTGNA, SSSLYESST OF THE SSSSSSERPENT-FOLK...

SILENTLY, THE NOSELESS HORRORS ADVANCE...
AARIIEEE!
GREAT! GREAT! MY MYSTICAL BOWL TELLS ME OLD ELEPHANT DONG IS VERY NEAR. THIS TIME I'LL SEND THE MOST REPULSIVE DOOM KNOWN TO MAN AGAINST HIM!
OH, NO! POOR PILLY! (TEE-HEE!)
I WONDER WHY YTGNA WANTED MY SWORD SIDESPLITTER ...(II) SO BADLY?
HE MUST'VE THOUGHT IT HAD MAGICAL POWERS, OR SOMETHING...
SSSHCHSH
...WHICH WE ALL KNOW ISN'T -WHA-!
SHSHUMPHSH
AAAAHG!

THE SHOCK DELIVERED TO PILGOR'S BATTERED PSYCHE CONJURES UP FACES AND IMAGES LONG DISREMEMBERED.
IT'S... AMMORA! AND SMEGMELLA... AND HUNGHOUL, MY ARCH-ENEMY - WE MEET AGAIN!
HUNGHOUL, YOU BASE TURD! WHERE'S MY VIRGIN BRIDE? AH, THE PAIN OF MY QUEST - IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW! I'VE BEEN USED AND ABUSED!
RRROLUWRR
I - YI! YI! SERPICOCKS!
THUMPSH
RRROLWR
SSSSSSSS
GACK! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY DEFEAT THIS THRONG? YET NOT EVEN THIS MUST STOP ME NOW.

THRASH!
ICK! SERPICOCK SLIME! I NEED PROTECTION... TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF DISEASE. MUSTN'T LET IT TOUCH ME!
WAIT - MAYBE I STILL HAVE THE ENCHANTED SHEATH THAT TRO JANINS THE SWORD GRINDER GAVE ME. UNF! AH, GOOD! "ONE SIZE FITS ALL."
FRUMPH!
OF COURSE! SERPICOCKS FEAR THE CUTTING EDGE. THEREFORE...
SSLICE!
SSSQUEEAAC!
DIE, VERMIN!
COURAGE, UH, SMEGMELLA? (PUFF! PANT!)

YTGNA, YOU SCUM- YOU'RE DEAD! AND AMMORA OF THE JUDDERING GLOBES -GONE! METHINKS HUNGKOUL HAS SNATCHED HER.
AH HA! THOUGH DEAD, YOU'VE FINALLY DONE ONE GOOD DEED, YTGNA: YOU'VE POINTED THE DIRECTION I SHOULD TAKE.
I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW- AMMORA MUST BE SAVED!
AMMORA!
SHIT! HE'S NOT EVEN COMING FOR ME!
KLONK
SPLASH
FICKLE, ISN'T HE, MY DEAR! BUT YOUR REVENGE WILL BE SWEET. MY UNDEAD PHALANX'LL CHOP HIM UP.
ON THE PLAIN BEFORE CASTLE BILIOUS...
UNDEAD GUARDIANS- ANOTHER NECROMANTIC CLICHÉ TO DEAL WITH! OH, WELL...
(MAYBE THIS WILL WORK.)
LOATHLY CREATURES, DEMON - SPAWN: SEEK THE DARKNESS WHERE CAVERNS YAWN!
FACES PEELING, YOUR DRIED GUTS STUFF'D- YOU'LL SOON BE REELING, YOUR EVIL SNUFF'D!
YAAAUGH!

LHJF
SHWAK
SLITCH
BUMP
HA! HA! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
OH, PILGOR! CAN YOU STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING FOR A MOMENT AND LOOK UP HERE? I THINK I'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT!
JUST LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIES! AREN'T THEY GREAT?
SSSSSSS
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! LOOK - I'M A JUGGLER! HEH! HEH! ♪ DA-DA-DA-DAA ♪
WELL, PILGOR, WE'VE GOT TO GO NOW. SURE HASN'T BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU. TAKE CARE, AND HAVE AN EXTREMELY SHORT LIFE.
SLAM!
RUMBLE
RRRRR
SCRE
WHAT'LL I DO NOW?
WITH A THUNDEROUS GRINDING, CASTLE BILIOUS BEGINS TO SINK BACK INTO THE VIBRATING SAND.
AND SO... IS THE END IN SIGHT?

GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE... DEAR READERS EVERYWHERE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME OF DAY IT IS WHERE **YOU** ARE, BUT HERE IT IS **MORNING**!

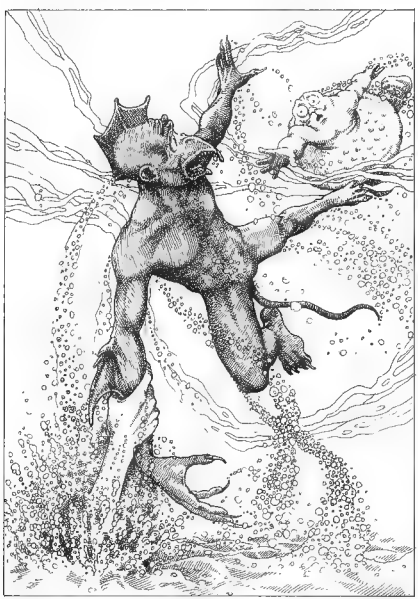
THE WHOLESOME RAYS OF THE NEWLY RISEN SUN ARE EVAPORATING THE LINGERING WISPS OF FOG THAT ARE THE LAST EXHALATIONS OF NOW-DEAD NIGHT.

AND, WHILE HERE THERE IS CHEER AT THE GREETING OF A NEW DAY, I'M SAD TO SAY THIS IS NOT TRUE OF ALL OF THOSE WHO PEOPLE OUR PROTRACTED TALE.

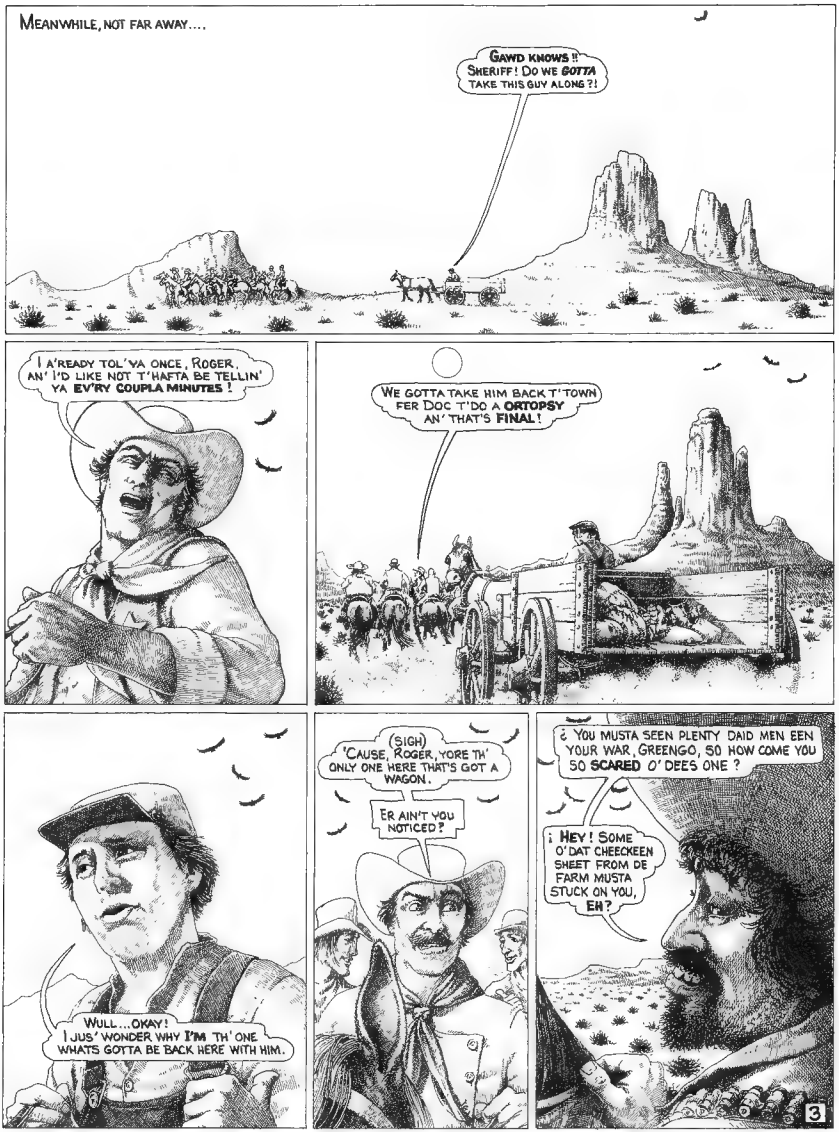
TEX★ARCANA

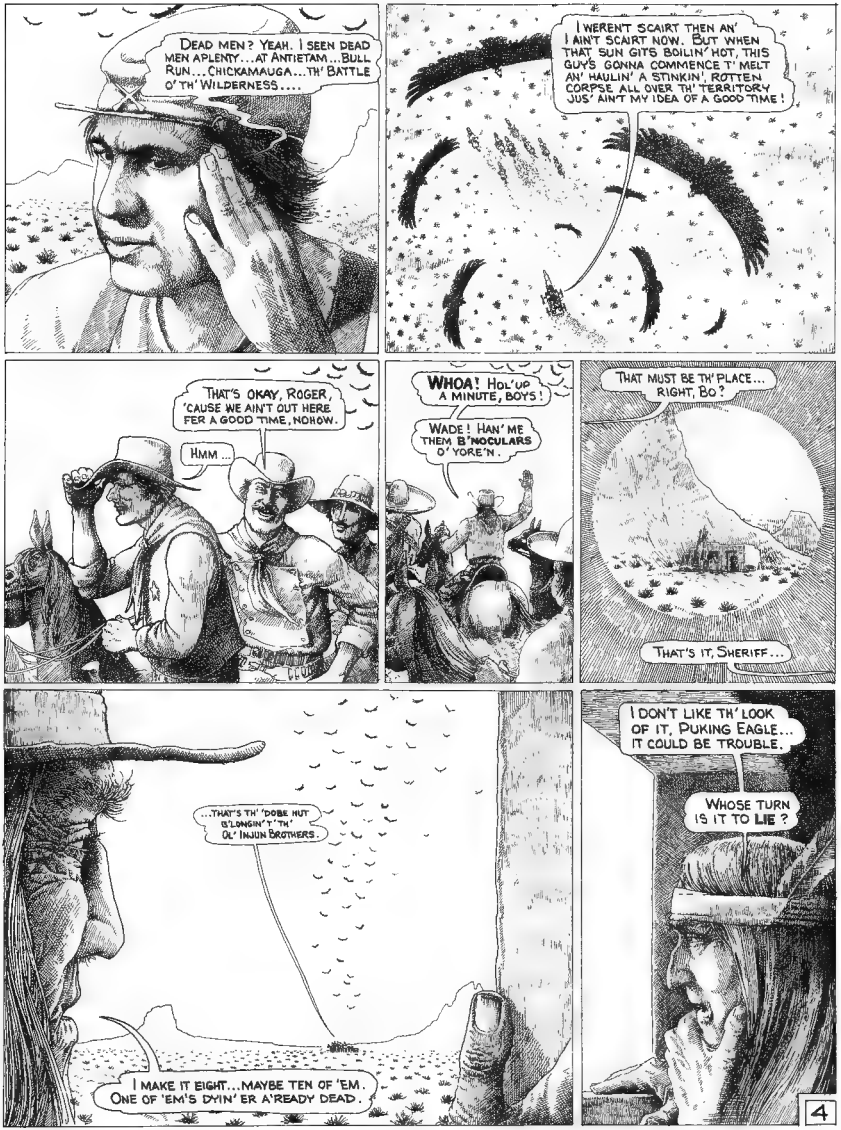
MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

PART 22



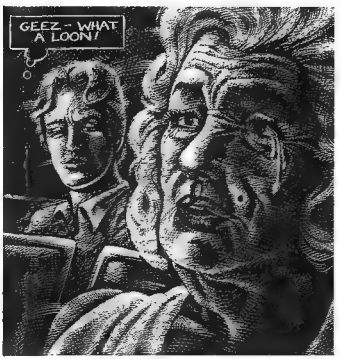
YARGH!
SWEAZ! LET GO! SAVE YERSELF!"
LE'ME DOWN, DAMMIT!!
ULP!
OOPH!
UNCH!
KERTHUNK!
ALRIGHT! NOW I'M GENUINELY PISSED!!
HOLD IT, HERP
SWEAZ! IT'S...
YEAH.
2


MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY....
GAWD KNOWS !! SHERIFF! DO WE GOTTA TAKE THIS GUY ALONG ?!
I A'READY TOL' YA ONCE, ROGER, AN' I'D LIKE NOT T'HAFTA BE TELLIN' YA EV'RY COUPLA MINUTES !
WE GOTTA TAKE HIM BACK T'TOWN FER DOC T'DO A ORTOPSY AN' THAT'S FINAL!
WULL...OKAY! I JUS' WONDER WHY I'M TH' ONE WHAT'S GOTTA BE BACK HERE WITH HIM.
(SIGH) 'CAUSE, ROGER, YORE TH' ONLY ONE HERE THAT'S GOT A WAGON.
ER AIN'T YOU NOTICED?
¿ YOU MUSTA SEEN PLENTY DAID MEN EEN YOUR WAR, GREENGO, SO HOW COME YOU SO SCARED O' DEES ONE ?
¡ HEY ! SOME O'DAT CHEECKEEN SHEET FROM DE FARM MUSTA STUCK ON YOU, EH?
3

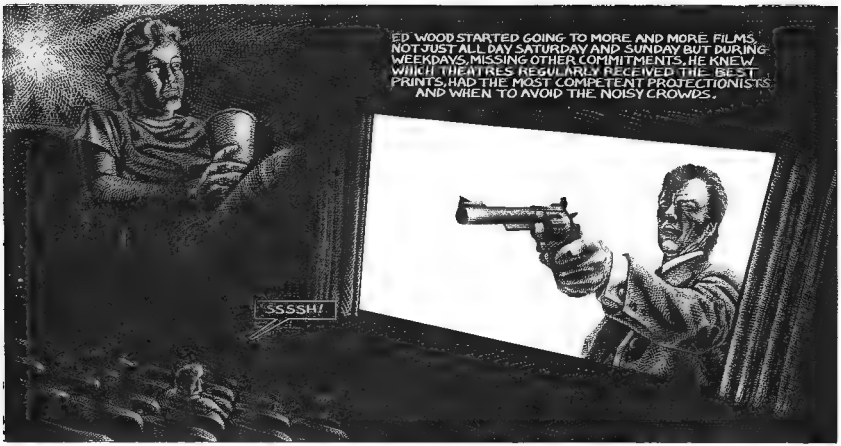

DEAD MEN? YEAH. I SEEN DEAD MEN APLENTY...AT ANTIETAM...BULL RUN...CHICKAMAUGA...TH' BATTLE O' TH' WILDERNESS....
I WEREN'T SCAIRT THEN AN' I AIN'T SCAIRT NOW. BUT WHEN THAT SUN GITS BOILIN' HOT, THIS GUY'S GONNA COMMENCE T' MELT AN' HAULIN' A STINKIN', ROTTEN CORPSE ALL OVER TH' TERRITORY JUS' AIN'T MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME!
THAT'S OKAY, ROGER, 'CAUSE WE AIN'T OUT HERE FER A GOOD TIME, NOHOW.
HMM...
WHOA! HOL'UP A MINUTE, BOYS!
WADE! HAN' ME THEM B'NOCULARS O' YORE'N.
THAT MUST BE TH' PLACE... RIGHT, BO?
THAT'S IT, SHERIFF...
...THAT'S TH' 'DOBE HUT B'LONGIN' T' TH' OL' INJUN BROTHERS.
I MAKE IT EIGHT...MAYBE TEN OF 'EM. ONE OF 'EM'S DYIN' ER A'READY DEAD.
I DON'T LIKE TH' LOOK OF IT, PUKING EAGLE... IT COULD BE TROUBLE.
WHOSE TURN IS IT TO LIE?
4

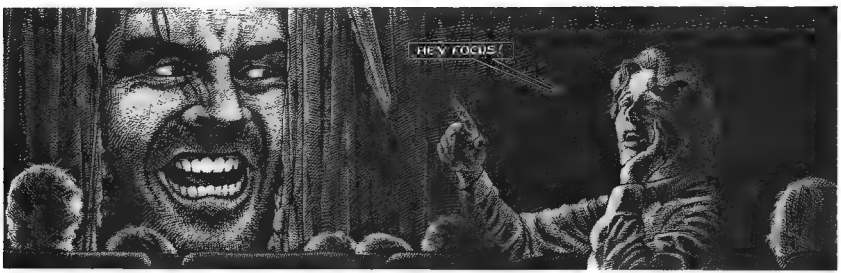
DEDICATED TO THE SANDBURG THEATRE, HOME OF MY FIRST 24 HOUR B-MOVIE MARATHON
MITCH OCONNELL'S
THE MOVIEGOER

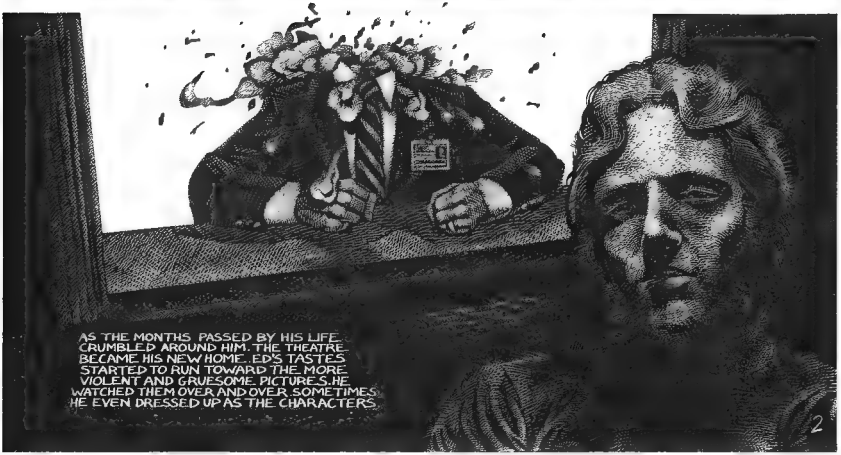
I WISH THAT GUY WOULD SIT DOWN

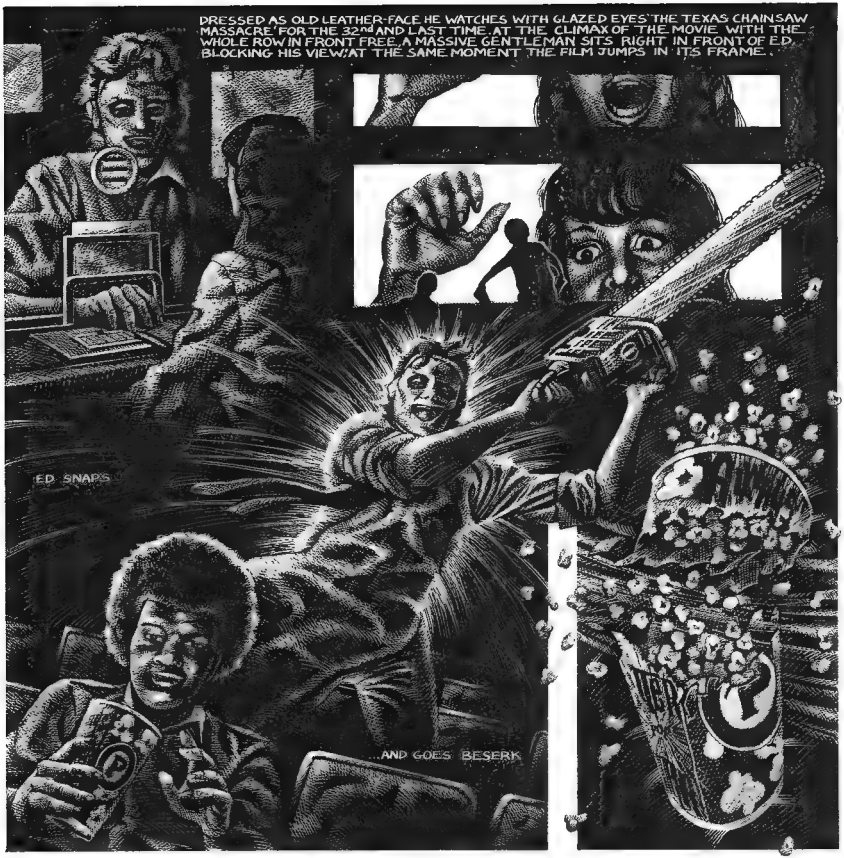

GEEZ - WHAT A LOON!

LET'S SEE. TOMORROW IS A SATURDAY, I'LL CATCH THE MATINEE OF "ANIMAL CRACKERS AND" MONKEY BUSINESS" AT THE PARKWAY, THEN ONTO THE SANDBURG FOR "DOUBLE INDEMNITY" AND "SLEUTH." THEN TO NORTHWESTERN FOR MIDNIGHT SHOWS OF ALL THREE PARTY HARRY FILMS. SOUNDS GOOD. THEN SUNDAY...


ED WOOD STARTED GOING TO MORE AND MORE FILMS, NOT JUST ALL DAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY BUT DURING WEEKDAYS, MISSING OTHER COMMITMENTS. HE KNEW WHICH THEATRES REGULARLY RECEIVED THE BEST PRINTS, HAD THE MOST COMPETENT PROJECTIONISTS AND WHEN TO AVOID THE NOISY CROWDS.
SSSSH!


HEY FOCUS!

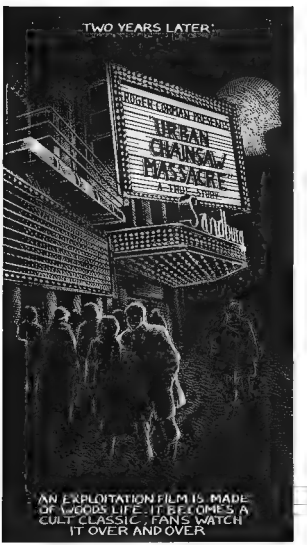

AS THE MONTHS PASSED BY HIS LIFE CRUMBLED AROUND HIM. THE THEATRE BECAME HIS NEW HOME. ED'S TASTES STARTED TO RUN TOWARD THE MORE VIOLENT AND GRUESOME PICTURES. HE WATCHED THEM OVER AND OVER. SOMETIMES HE EVEN DRESSED UP AS THE CHARACTERS.
2

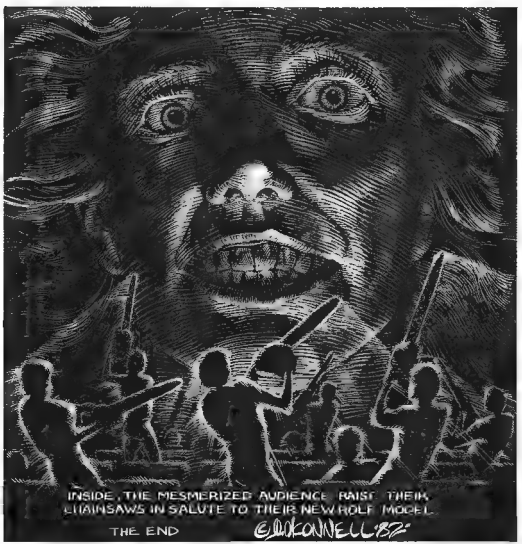

PRESSED AS OLD LEATHER-FACE HE WATCHES WITH GLAZED EYES THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE FOR THE 32nd AND LAST TIME. AT THE CLIMAX OF THE MOVIE WITH THE WHOLE ROW IN FRONT FREE, A MASSIVE GENTLEMAN SITS RIGHT IN FRONT OF E.D. BLOCKING HIS VIEW! AT THE SAME MOMENT THE FILM JUMPS IN ITS FRAME.
E.D. SNAPS
...AND GOES BESERK

YOU KNOW WHAT I DISLIKE? HMMM? IT'S PEOPLE THAT INSIST ON CHATTERING DURING A FILM!
3

SECONDS LATER, THE MANAGER, HEARING MORE SCREAMS THAN USUAL, RUSHES IN
THERE'S A GUY WITH A REAL CHAINSAW! HE'S KILLING PEOPLE!
HE RAN UPSTAIRS!

HE SCRAMBLES UP THE STAIRS ONLY TO FIND HIS PROJECTIONIST'S BODY DECORATING THE WALLS.
ED WOOD'S SCREEN ABRUPTLY FADES TO BLACK


TWO YEARS LATER:
ROGER CORMAN PRESENTS
URBAN CHAINSAW MASSACRE
A TRUE STORY
AN EXPLOITATION FILM IS MADE OF WOODS LIFE. IT BECOMES A CULT CLASSIC. FANS WATCH IT OVER AND OVER.


INSIDE, THE MESMERIZED AUDIENCE RAISE THEIR CHAINSAWS IN SALUTE TO THEIR NEW ROLE MODEL.
THE END
©DOCONNELL '82

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Rench wich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50.**
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00.**
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D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt.** These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image **$15.95**
_____ small _____ large
_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ gray

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin. $5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle.** It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM885, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed $ _____

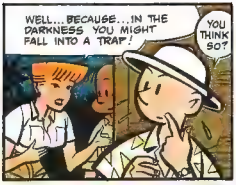
All prices above include postage and handling.

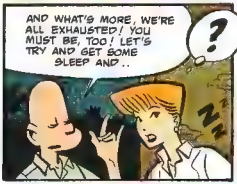
If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

THOSE DIRTY RATS WANT TO LAY THEIR HANDS ON THE PLATE... THEY WANT TO STEAL WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS!
PAF

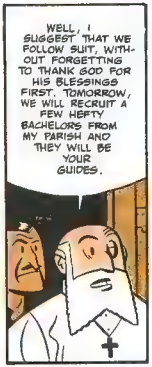
WE HAVE TO OVERTAKE THEM AT ALL COSTS!
ELEPHANT

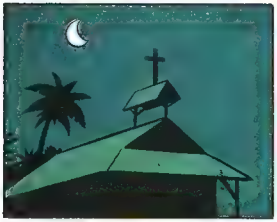
CALM DOWN, FREDDY! ARE YOU THINKING OF LEAVING RIGHT NOW?
HUM... WHY NOT?
CEMETERY


WELL... BECAUSE... IN THE DARKNESS YOU MIGHT FALL INTO A TRAP!
YOU THINK SO?

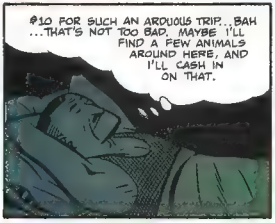

AND WHAT'S MORE, WE'RE ALL EXHAUSTED! YOU MUST BE, TOO! LET'S TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP AND...
?

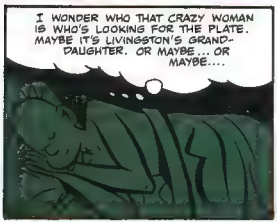
LOOK AT THAT! HE'S ASLEEP!
WHAT GALL!


WELL, I SUGGEST THAT WE FOLLOW SUIT, WITHOUT FORGETTING TO THANK GOD FOR HIS BLESSINGS FIRST. TOMORROW, WE WILL RECRUIT A FEW HEFTY BACHELORS FROM MY PARISH AND THEY WILL BE YOUR GUIDES.



FREDDY IS RIGHT. OUR COMPETITORS MUST BE LOOKING FOR THE LIVINGSTON PLATE. THAT DIRTY RASCAL, WHITE, TOOK COMPLETE ADVANTAGE OF US.


$10 FOR SUCH AN ARDUOUS TRIP... BAH ...THAT'S NOT TOO BAD. MAYBE I'LL FIND A FEW ANIMALS AROUND HERE, AND I'LL CASH IN ON THAT.

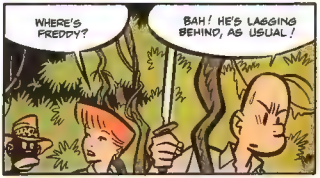

I WONDER WHO THAT CRAZY WOMAN IS WHO'S LOOKING FOR THE PLATE. MAYBE IT'S LIVINGSTON'S GRANDDAUGHTER. OR MAYBE... OR MAYBE....

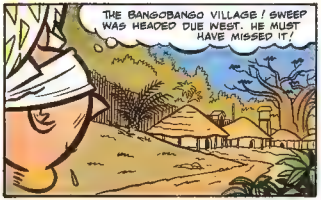
VERY STRANGE! ALL THESE ANTHROPOLOGISTS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE BANGOBANGOS. I MUST WARN THE LOCAL POLICE FORCE.

THE NEXT DAY, FREDDY, SWEEP AND DINA, ACCOMPANIED BY THREE LOCAL BACHELORS, START MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TERRIBLE EQUATORIAL FOREST, WHERE THE BANGOBANGOS LIVE.
THIS INFERNAL MASS OF GREEN -- WHERE THE LICHENS AND PARASITES SLOWLY SUFFOCATE THE GIGANTIC TREES -- IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED DANGERS!
THE NATIVES GIVE FREDDY THE NICKNAME OF "BULA MATARI", WHICH MEANS "THE ROCK BREAKER", BECAUSE OF HIS IMPETUOSITY AND ENTHUSIASM.
FINALLY, ON THE FIFTH DAY....
CAN YOU HEAR THE DRUMS!
IT SEEMS SERIOUS! OUR FRIENDS HERE LOOK VERY FRIGHTENED!
THINGS VERY BAD! BANGOBANGOS DO NOT LIKE WHITE MEN!
SWEEP! DINA!
?
WELL, JUST LOOK AT WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED!
?

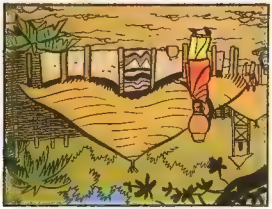
THAT'S A BANGO-BANGO ANCESTRIAL SHRINE! DO NOT TOUCH! TABOO!
HE, HE, HE! THEY'RE SO FUNNY!
WE'RE CLOSE TO OUR OBJECTIVE! THE DEAD ARE NEVER FAR FROM THE LIVING!
LET'S GO! WE'VE LOST ENOUGH TIME ALREADY.
ARE YOU CRAZY? BANGOBANGOS WILL CUT US UP INTO LITTLE PIECES IF WE GO ON!
WALLA, TELL YOUR FRIENDS THAT I'LL TRIP... NO, I'LL DOUBLE THEIR PAY....
WE GO BACK. BANGO-BANGOS ARE NO GOOD.
THE DRUMS HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM. THAT'S STRANGE, THE BANGOBANGOS ARE A FRIENDLY PEOPLE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO. EVEN THE PROMISE OF MONEY SEEMS TO FAIL. THEY'RE IN A PANIC.
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
YOU BAND OF PENGUINS! YOU COWARDS! YOU SISSIES!! YOU BAND OF JELLY PUDDINGS! SO YOU'RE AFRAID OF A FEW BANGO-BANGOS?
YOU'RE NOT VERY COURTEOUS, BOULA MATARI!
LOOK AT ME! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO THOSE..HA... BANGOBANGOS!
CRAC
WABA BOTU?
WAKO TABURI?
BOULA MATARI IS AS STRONG AND AS COURAGEOUS AS A LION! WE WILL FOLLOW HIM ANYWHERE!
I HAVEN'T CONSULTED MY ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR A LONG TIME... LOOK AT THESE COLOR PICTURES...
HEY! THIS IS REALLY INTERESTING!
DINA WASN'T KIDDING WHEN SHE SAID WE WERE ANTHRO-POLOGISTS... LET'S SEE... THE SHAPE OF THE SKULL... MMM ...THE PAINT ON THE FACE..
WOW! FANTASTIC! ACCORDING TO THIS BOOK I'M LOOKING AT A REAL BANGOBANGO!

FREDDY IS TIED UP LIKE A CAPTURED DEER.


WHERE'S FREDDY?
BAH! HE'S LAGGING BEHIND, AS USUAL!


THE BANGOBANGO VILLAGE! SWEEP WAS HEADED DUE WEST. HE MUST HAVE MISSED IT!

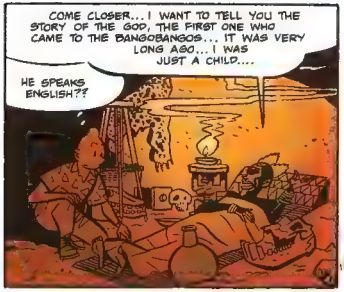
WAKUKU BINGO GROLO!

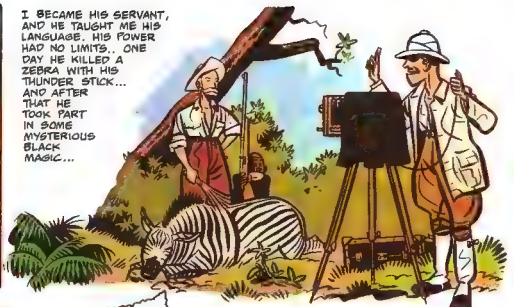


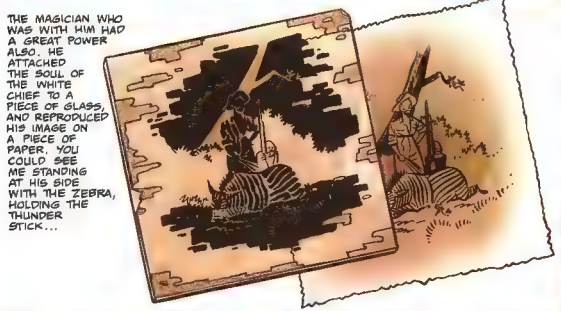
FREDDY IS TAKEN TO A HUT OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE WHERE HE'S AGAIN TIED UP.
WELL! I HOPE THESE CANNIBALS HAVEN'T SPOILED MY HAIRDO!

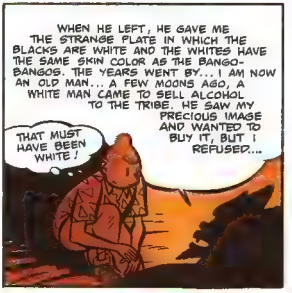
HEY! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK!
COME CLOSER, WHITE MAN....

YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF AN OLD WITCH DOCTOR WHO'S ABOUT TO DIE!

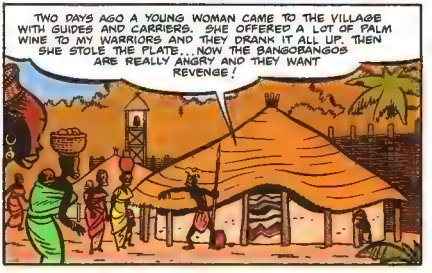

COME CLOSER... I WANT TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF THE GOD, THE FIRST ONE WHO CAME TO THE BANGOBANGOS... IT WAS VERY LONG AGO... I WAS JUST A CHILD....
HE SPEAKS ENGLISH??

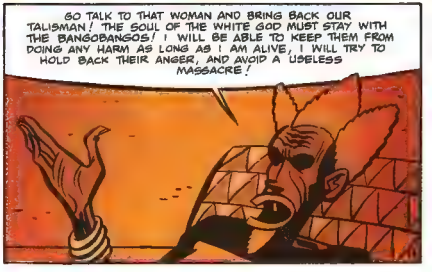

I BECAME HIS SERVANT, AND HE TAUGHT ME HIS LANGUAGE. HIS POWER HAD NO LIMITS.. ONE DAY HE KILLED A ZEBRA WITH HIS THUNDER STICK... AND AFTER THAT HE TOOK PART IN SOME MYSTERIOUS BLACK MAGIC...


THE MAGICIAN WHO WAS WITH HIM HAD A GREAT POWER ALSO. HE ATTACHED THE SOUL OF THE WHITE CHIEF TO A PIECE OF GLASS, AND REPRODUCED HIS IMAGE ON A PIECE OF PAPER. YOU COULD SEE ME STANDING AT HIS SIDE WITH THE ZEBRA, HOLDING THE THUNDER STICK...


WHEN HE LEFT, HE GAVE ME THE STRANGE PLATE IN WHICH THE BLACKS ARE WHITE AND THE WHITES HAVE THE SAME SKIN COLOR AS THE BANGO-BANGOS. THE YEARS WENT BY... I AM NOW AN OLD MAN.. A FEW MOONS AGO, A WHITE MAN CAME TO SELL ALCOHOL TO THE TRIBE. HE SAW MY PRECIOUS IMAGE AND WANTED TO BUY IT, BUT I REFUSED...
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WHITE!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
CALM DOWN, DINA... WE WILL NOW SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND GO LOOK FOR FREDDY.


TWO DAYS AGO A YOUNG WOMAN CAME TO THE VILLAGE WITH GUIDES AND CARRIERS. SHE OFFERED A LOT OF PALM WINE TO MY WARRIORS AND THEY DRANK IT ALL UP. THEN SHE STOLE THE PLATE... NOW THE BANGOBANGOS ARE REALLY ANGRY AND THEY WANT REVENGE!


GO TALK TO THAT WOMAN AND BRING BACK OUR TALISMAN! THE SOUL OF THE WHITE GOD MUST STAY WITH THE BANGOBANGOS! I WILL BE ABLE TO KEEP THEM FROM DOING ANY HARM AS LONG AS I AM ALIVE, I WILL TRY TO HOLD BACK THEIR ANGER, AND AVOID A USELESS MASSACRE!

THE SEARCH FOR FREDDY GOES ON UNTIL NIGHTFALL....
THE TERRAIN IS TURNING INTO A SWAMP. LET'S GO BACK TO THE CAMP, MAYBE DINA WILL HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING.
...AND WE DISCOVERED HIS HAT AND HIS KNAPSACK ON THE GROUND. IT LOOKED AS IF THERE HAD BEEN A FIGHT. OUR MEN SAY HE WAS TAKEN BY BANGOBANGOS.
IF THOSE SAVAGES DARE TOUCH ONE HAIR ON HIS HEAD, I WILL CUT THEM UP IN LITTLE PIECES!
SHHH!...LISTEN...IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF GRUNT...
IT'S COMING FROM OUR TENT... SOME ANIMAL MUST HAVE GONE IN WHILE WE WERE AWAY...
GRRR RRR
RRRRRRRR
FREDDY!
RRRRRRR
FREDDY, WHERE WERE YOU!???
SMAK
GLORY BE TO BOULA MATARI! HE DEFEATED THE BANGO-BANGOS.
FREDDY GIVES A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES.
...THE MAGICIAN IS FEARED AND RESPECTED...HE PERSUADED THEM TO LET ME GO, AND THANKS TO MY SENSE OF ORIENTATION, I FOUND THE CAMP AND FOUND THE TIME TO TAKE A SHORT NAP WAITING FOR YOUR RETURN!
IT'S GETTING MORE AND MORE COMPLICATED! WELL, FIRST OF ALL WE HAVE TO CATCH UP TO THAT MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURESS WHO NOW HAS THE PLATE. THEN WE WILL MAKE A PLAN...
K

THE NEXT MORNING, FREDDY, SWEEP, DINA AND THEIR THREE HELPERS START ON THE PURSUIT OF THEIR RIVAL!

AT THE SAME TIME, A FEW MILES AWAY, IN THE SWAMP REGION...

ALL OF A SUDDEN...

WELL!???
COLD SWEAT, SHIVERS... IT'S THE SWAMP FEVER, MS. DARNELL!

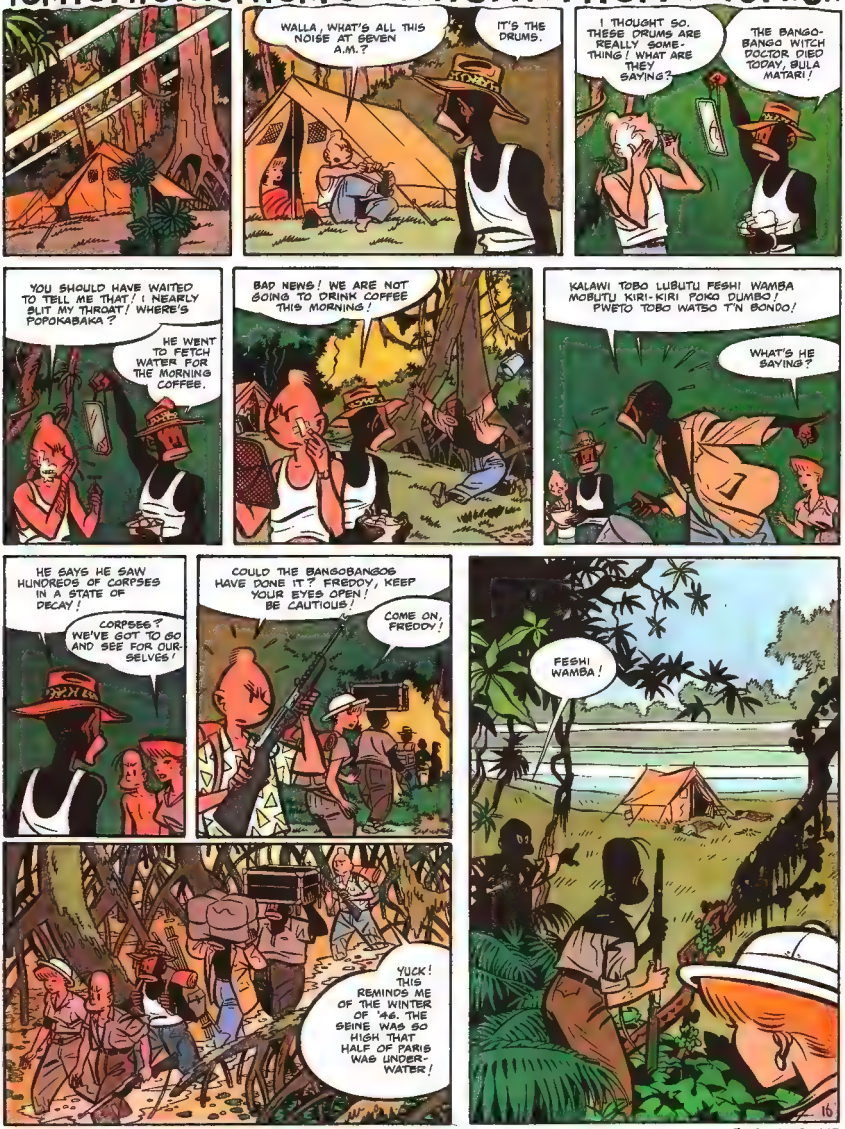
HE CAN'T WALK. WE HAVE TO GO BACK.

REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS. TAKE OFF YOUR HAT IN FRONT OF A LADY!
CLAC

MS. DARNELL, IT WOULD BE MUCH WISER TO GO AROUND THESE SWAMPS, OTHERWISE WE WILL ALL CATCH THE FEVER!
IMPOSSIBLE! WE HAVE LOST TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY!

BUT THE MEN ARE EXHAUSTED! LET'S STOP FOR A REST, AT LEAST HALF A DAY!
I'M TIRED OF YOUR WHINING! WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

WE HAVE TWO MORE DAYS OF WALKING BEFORE WE'LL CLEAR THIS HELL..... MY TEETH ARE STARTING TO CHATTER AGAIN!... I'VE GOT TO KEEP ON GOING! COURAGE!


WALLA, WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE AT SEVEN A.M.?
IT'S THE DRUMS.
I THOUGHT SO. THESE DRUMS ARE REALLY SOMETHING! WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
THE BANGOBANGO WITCH DOCTOR DIED TODAY, BULA MATARI!
YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED TO TELL ME THAT! I NEARLY SLIT MY THROAT! WHERE'S POPOKABAKA?
HE WENT TO FETCH WATER FOR THE MORNING COFFEE.
BAD NEWS! WE ARE NOT GOING TO DRINK COFFEE THIS MORNING!
KALAWI TOBO LUBUTU FESHI WAMBA MOBUTU KIRI-KIRI POKO DUMBO! PWETO TOBO WATSO T'N BONDO!
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
HE SAYS HE SAW HUNDREDS OF CORPSES IN A STATE OF DECAY!
CORPSES? WE'VE GOT TO GO AND SEE FOR OURSELVES!
COULD THE BANGOBANGOS HAVE DONE IT? FREDDY, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! BE CAUTIOUS!
COME ON, FREDDY!
FESHI WAMBA!
YUCK! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE WINTER OF '46. THE SEINE WAS SO HIGH THAT HALF OF PARIS WAS UNDERWATER!

TO BE CONTINUED

PAMELA LEE

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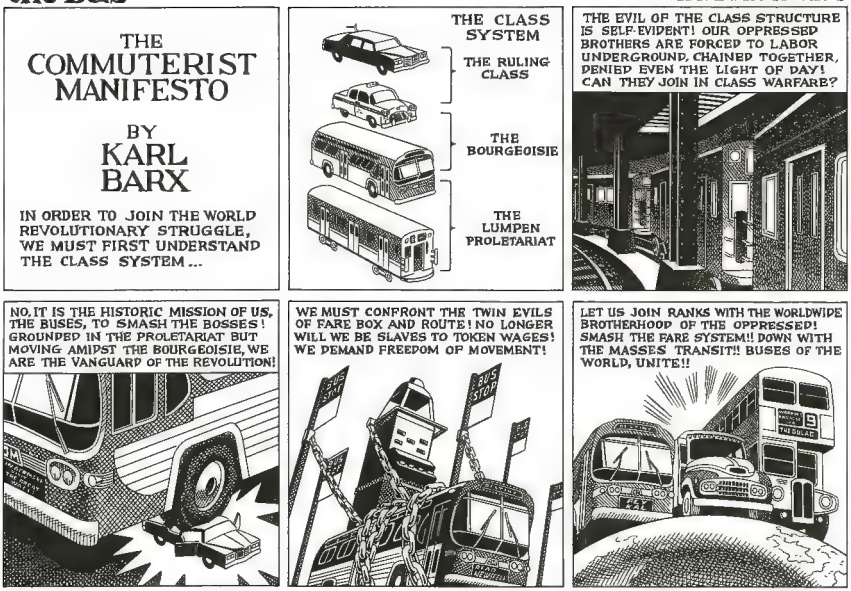

THE COMMUTERIST MANIFESTO
BY KARL BARX
IN ORDER TO JOIN THE WORLD REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE, WE MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND THE CLASS SYSTEM...
THE CLASS SYSTEM
THE RULING CLASS
THE BOURGEOISIE
THE LUMPEN PROLETARIAT
THE EVIL OF THE CLASS STRUCTURE IS SELF-EVIDENT! OUR OPPRESSED BROTHERS ARE FORCED TO LABOR UNDERGROUND, CHAINED TOGETHER, DENIED EVEN THE LIGHT OF DAY! CAN THEY JOIN IN CLASS WARFARE?
NO, IT IS THE HISTORIC MISSION OF US, THE BUSES, TO SMASH THE BOSSES! GROUNDED IN THE PROLETARIAT BUT MOVING AMIDST THE BOURGEOISIE, WE ARE THE VANGUARD OF THE REVOLUTION!
WE MUST CONFRONT THE TWIN EVILS OF FARE BOX AND ROUTE! NO LONGER WILL WE BE SLAVES TO TOKEN WAGES! WE DEMAND FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT!
BUS STOP
LET US JOIN RANKS WITH THE WORLDWIDE BROTHERHOOD OF THE OPPRESSED! SMASH THE FARE SYSTEM!! DOWN WITH THE MASSES TRANSIT!! BUSES OF THE WORLD, UNITE!!

catch up

Elephant Cemetery

Yves Chaland

The filthy rich Botaxon sends Freddy, Dina, and Sweep off to Bombura to find the priceless photographic plate with a portrait of the great explorer Dr. Livingston. Their mission is of the utmost importance—Englishman John Brixton is also after the plate, and he will stop at nothing to obtain it.

The Whisper Mystery ▶

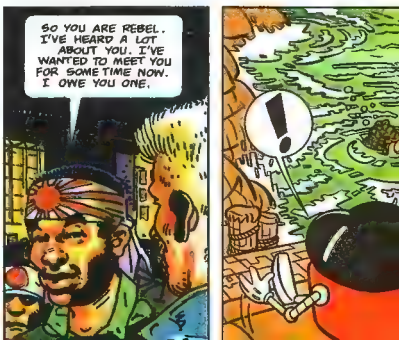
Daniel Torres

While working on the new Sam Norton episode for *SF* magazine, Armando Mistral is visited by his old friend Chico Panama—a womanizer and a cheat. Unable to get rid of Panama, Mistral hotfoots it over to Montebahia for a bit of r&r, where he runs into Archie Cooper, a Chandleresque detective, and a bunch of thugs fighting it out. Cooper is murdered by a bunch of human-size lizards, and Chop Jones (the man behind this whole drug-related mess in the first place) pays Mistral a visit.

Rebel

Pepe Moreno

Brooklyn, New York . . . The year is 2002. The general population has diminished except for a few streetwise degenerates, who rule the bombed-out borough. Rebel and his gang stalk the streets in hopes of wiping out Doll and the Skinheads—another street gang working in tandem with the sleazy governor. We have recently discovered that Rebel is none other than Lt. Lawrence, a top officer in the last civil war. ▼



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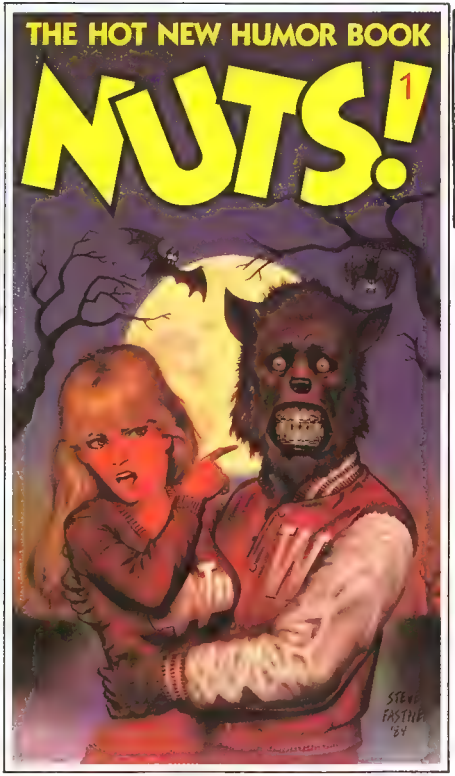

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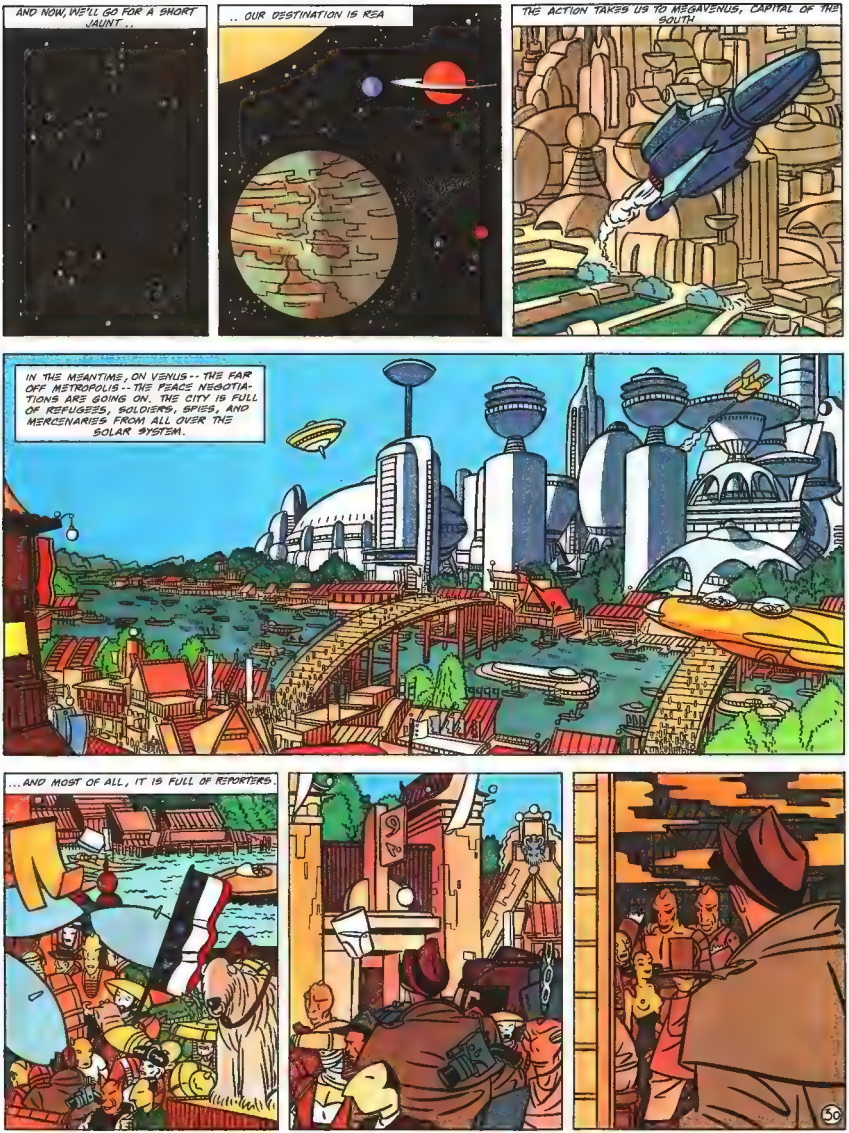
GRAAA !!!
TOC!
ZUMP!
CHAC!
OHH !
GLOP!
I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS !
HERE COMS THE WIRZ !
ZUMP!
CRAC!
TAC!
TAC!
26

GLUC GLAOC!
THESE LITTLE GREEN LIZARDS ARE PRETTY WEAK!
WHAT A GREAT FIGHT!!
THIS IS THEIR SECOND VISIT. WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY LOOKING FOR??
ME!
THE WOMAN AT THE PIER!
MY NAME IS SCARLET TREBOL, AND THEY ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO WANT ME!
CATCH MY DRIFT??!!
HEY!??!!
SAY NO MORE! A WOMAN CAPABLE OF STARTING A FIGHT LIKE THIS HAS GOT MY ATTENTION!
MMHH!!
YOU CAN TELL US EVERYTHING WHILE WE HAVE BREAKFAST.
I KNEW IT!! I'LL NEVER FINISH THE CHAPTER FOR THIS MONTH!
27

KIP!
THE DETECTIVE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. HE REALLY DIDN'T KNOW. HE WAS ONLY ACTING AS A DECOY, SO THAT I COULD GET CLOSER TO THE WHISPER.
WHAT AN ENCHANTING STORY!
THE WHISPER??!! THE VOICE WHO CALLED ME UP!!!
I COME FROM REA, AS YOU KNOW, WHICH IS THE MAIN PRODUCER OF KROP. SINCE THE COLONIAL WAR AGAINST VENUS BEGAN, THE KROP MARKET HAS TURNED INTO A DELICATE AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS BUSINESS. ONLY A FEW KNOWLEDGEABLE PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO GET INTO IT.
YOU EARTH PEOPLE ARE EXPERTS IN THESE AFFAIRS. HERE ON EARTH KROP IS ILLEGAL. BUT ONCE IT IS REFINED AND TURNED INTO ALUMAX, IT BECOMES LEGAL AND A HUNDRED TIMES MORE PROFITABLE. WHILE ALL OF REA IS AT WAR, IT IS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO REACH THE KROP FIELDS AND THE REFINERIES. THERE IS AN OVERSUPPLY AND THE PRICES ARE SOARING.
IT IS AN EMPIRE WITH NO EMPEROR. THE PERSON WHO WILL GET TO CONTROL THE DISTRIBUTION WILL MAKE IT VERY BIG! THE WHISPER WANTS TO DO EXACTLY THAT.
AND YOU ARE JEALOUS!

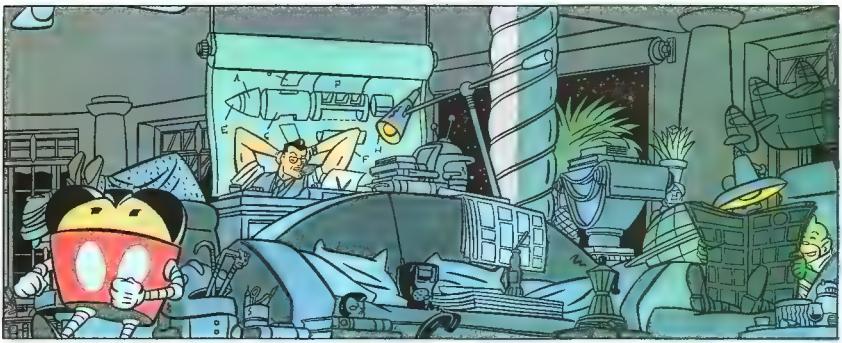
NO. MY BROTHER SOMEHOW GOT INVOLVED WITH HIM AND NOW HE'S DEAD. IT IS MY DUTY TO AVENGE THE HONOR OF MY FAMILY.
OH! SO ARCHIE DIED FOR SOMEBODY ELSE'S HONOR. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN PLEASED WITH THAT.
HEY! DON'T FORGET THAT THEY KILLED HIM RIGHT HERE!
OH, COME ON! I ONLY NEED HELP AND AFFECTION. YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING. THE WHISPER KNOWS WHERE I AM.
IN THE MIDST OF THIS INTERESTING MELODRAMA YOU JUST NARRATED, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY...
OUR DEAR YOUNG LADY
...THERE IS ALSO A HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM WHO'S VERY CLOSE TO GETTING VERY ANGRY. AND I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!
ARMANDO! WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT??
MANY THINGS, RUBY.
HI.
?!
LET'S GO, HONEY, I NEED A DRESS.
YOU CAN GO LOOK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE IF YOU WISH, PANAMA! AS LONG AS YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!
HE, HE, HE!
COFFEE, SAMSON, COFFEE!
25


AND NOW, WE'LL GO FOR A SHORT JAUNT..
.. OUR DESTINATION IS REA
THE ACTION TAKES US TO MEGAVENUS, CAPITAL OF THE SOUTH
IN THE MEANTIME, ON VENUS -- THE FAR OFF METROPOLIS -- THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS ARE GOING ON. THE CITY IS FULL OF REFUGEES, SOLDIERS, SPIES, AND MERCENARIES FROM ALL OVER THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
...AND MOST OF ALL, IT IS FULL OF REPORTERS.
30

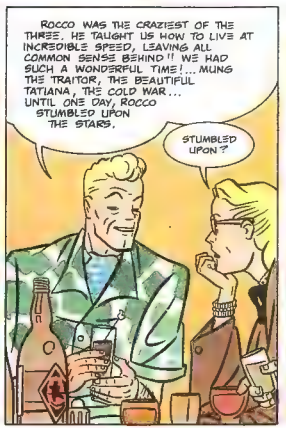
HI, THERE, LYNX, WHAT'S HAPPENING UP NORTH???
NO NEWS, JUST DEAD SOLDIERS.
ALL THEY DO HERE IS TALK ABOUT PEACE!
BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO REALLY SUPPORT IT!
THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS BUY "CIENCIA FICCION"* AND READ THE LAST ADVENTURES OF ARMANDO MISTRAL.
FROM YOU WE EXPECT NOTHING MORE!
DO YOU WANT ANOTHER DRINK?
NO. I'M GOING TO THE EMBASSY. THEY ARE GOING TO HOLD A NEWS CONFERENCE.
BAH! I DON'T BELIEVE IN NEWS CONFERENCES. GIVE ME YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THEY'LL SAY TODAY.
I'M GOING WITH YOU.
SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED TO ME THE OTHER DAY. I WAS COMING FROM URANUS AND WAS GOING TOWARD HYPERION, BECAUSE I NEEDED FUEL. AS I GOT CLOSER TO HYPERION, TWO FIGHTER PLANES FROM EARTH STOPPED ME, AND WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON. THEY MUST BE HIDING SOMETHING DOWN THERE.
VERY MYSTERIOUS!!
31

*SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

BOOM
COUGH! COUGH!
THE CEILING FAN!
!
I SAW YOU, YOU CRAFTY CUSTOMER!
WHAT A SCENE! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE EXPLOSION!!
WHAT A SLAUGHTER! JUST WHEN THE BAR WAS AT ITS FULLEST!
THOSE ARE KOO'S MEN !!!!!



TELL ME MORE ABOUT HIM, PANAMA. I KNOW THAT HE ONCE WAS A FAMOUS PILOT WHY DID HE STOP?
AH! WE WERE THREE YOUNG MEN, THEY CALLED US THE "COSMIC KIDS." DOCTOR COVALSKY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF OUR COURAGE AND RECKLESSNESS TO START THE RAPID SPACE PROGRAM...


ROCCO WAS THE CRAZIEST OF THE THREE. HE TAUGHT US HOW TO LIVE AT INCREDIBLE SPEED, LEAVING ALL COMMON SENSE BEHIND!! WE HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME!... MUNG THE TRAITOR, THE BEAUTIFUL TATIANA, THE COLD WAR... UNTIL ONE DAY, ROCCO STUMBLED UPON THE STARS.
STUMBLED UPON?

TO BE CONTINUED

The surprising world of 2085 A.D. won't come as a surprise to you . . .

Illustration © Phil Trumbo

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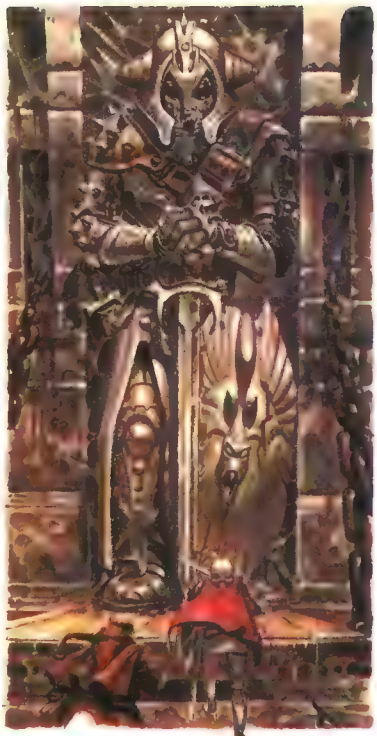
The Sleeping Princess

SO YOU'RE BACK.
IT'S TAKEN YOU LONG ENOUGH!
YES, BUT I WILL HAVE TO LEAVE AGAIN SOON.
YOUR INTENTION IS GOOD, BUT SOMETIMES INTENTIONS AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH. YOU MUST CONTINUE.
YES, SOON.
PHASE 6 COMPLETED. READY FOR PHASE 7.

I SEE THE ACCURSED WHICH STILL FEEDS ON THE POOR PRINCESS'S SUBJECTS
RIGHT, AND LESS AND LESS PEOPLE REMAIN. THOSE WHO HAVEN'T BEEN DEVOURED, HOPE THAT ONCE YOU FREE THE PRINCESS, THEY TOO WILL BECOME FREE
BY THE WAY, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TRIED?
FOUR TIMES THIS WILL BE THE FIFTH.
THAT'S WHEN I HEARD ABOUT YOUR PROJECT. THIS IS HER, ISN'T SHE PRETTY?
YES SHE IS, BUT I'M SORRY, I CAN'T HANDLE YOUR CASE. YOU MUST REALIZE THAT WE ARE STILL AT AN EXPERIMENTAL STAGE. THE SAFETY FACTORS STILL MUST BE CHECKED.

THIS IS WHAT USED TO BE THE PRINCESS'S CASTLE.
I KNOW, ANCESTOR, I KNOW

AND AS ALWAYS, STANDING GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE IS OHM OF THE QUESTIONS. DO YOU EXPECT TO ANSWER HIM NOW, WHEN YOU COULDN'T EARLIER?



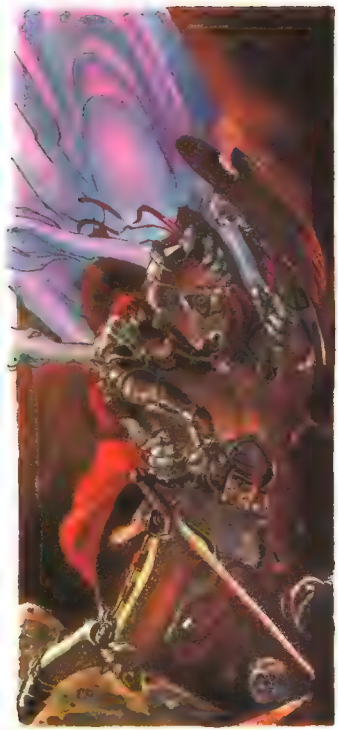
EVERYBODY GET READY FOR STAGE 7, THE CRITICAL ONE.
WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, AND HE GETS THROUGH THIS TIME.

HOW DARE YOU RETURN! AND WITH WHAT RIGHT DO YOU DEMAND ACCESS?
THE RIGHT I OBTAIN THROUGH ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS

ARE YOU PREPARED TO FACE THIS STEEL, IF YOUR ANSWERS ARE INCORRECT ?
WHAT IS THE DISTILLED ESSENCE OF THE CRILL ?
THREE TIMES LOST IN TIME
WHAT ARE THE FIVE COUNTRIES OF THE AENEAS ?
YES, I AM PREPARED FOR THAT.
THEY ARE THE GREATEST AMONG THE GODS.
WHAT IS THE NAME OF HADES CREATORS?
WITH DEATH AND REVENGE IN MY EYES.

NOW! RUN AND FREE US!
HE'S THROUGH! YOU WERE RIGHT! HOW DID YOU GUESS?
I READ IT IN A SILVERBERG STORY. THE TRICK IS NEVER TO ANSWER ANY OF THE QUESTIONS. THOSE WHO DID WERE AS GOOD AS DEAD.
GOOD! NOW WE'RE READY FOR PHASE 8.

CLICK
PURI? YES, IT'S ME. YES, THAT'S THE FOURTH TIME I DREAMT IT. TELL PRESTON I ACCEPT, AND I'LL TRY AND GET HIS KID BACK.

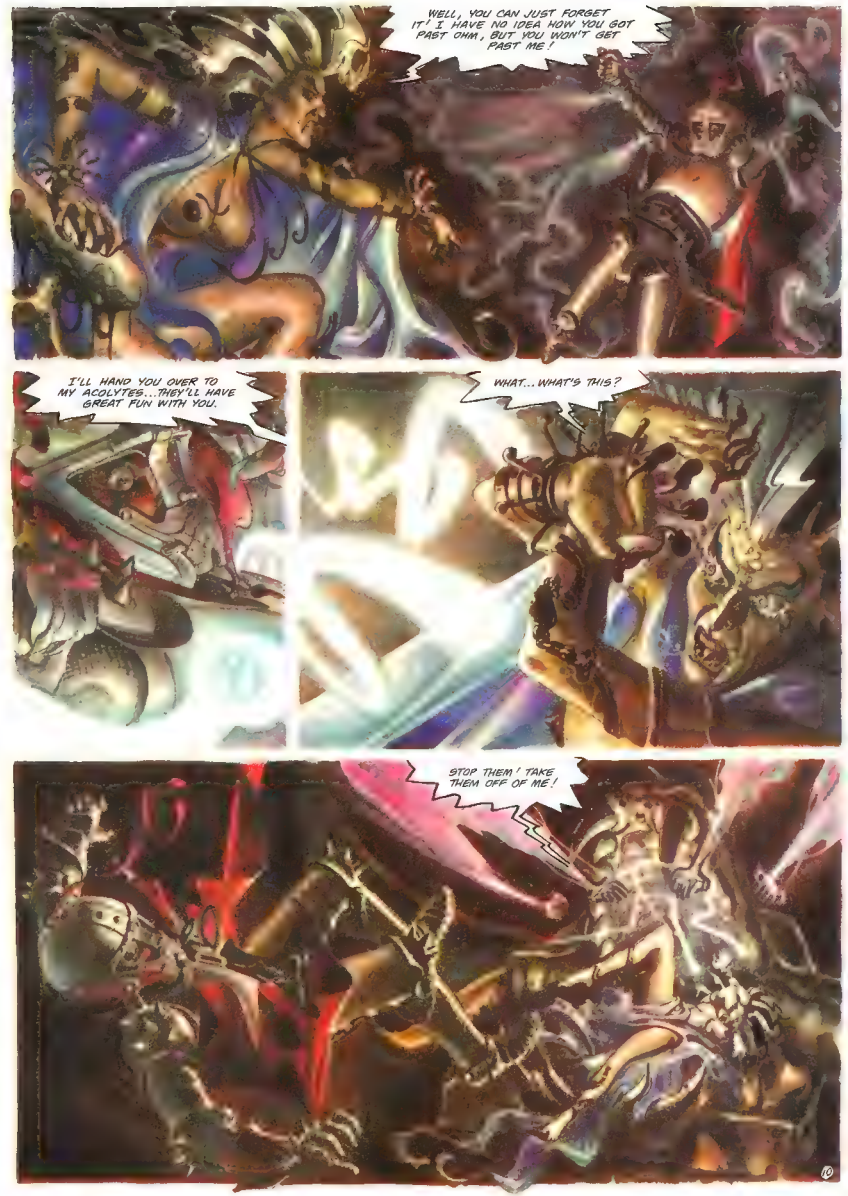


GET HIM BACK! QUICKLY! PHASE B HAS BEEN ABORTED

PHA

FIND THE FAULT. COME ON! POL IS IN DANGER!

THANK YOU FOR SHOWING US HER ROOM, MRS. PRESTON THIS HELPS A GREAT DEAL
YOU'RE VERY WELCOME. I'D DO ANYTHING TO GET MY GRAND-DAUGHTER BACK.
WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE, GRANNY? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE HER I HOPE SHE WASN'T BOTHERED YOU. SHE'S QUITE OLD, AND ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL....
I'M GLAD YOU'VE ACCEPTED THE CASE AT LAST. I AM AFRAID SINCE IT HAPPENED, GRANNY HAS SHUT HERSELF UP INSIDE AND VERY RARELY TALKS. WHEN I TRIED TO TAKE HER TO A HOME FOR..
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, YOU WITCH!
PARDON? WHAT WAS THAT?
YOU MUST EXCUSE HER. AT HER AGE SHE BABBLES A LOT. AS SOON AS YOU FIND THE GIRL, WE'LL TAKE HER TO AN ASYLUM WHERE THEY CAN LOOK AFTER HER BETTER.
YOU'LL NEVER GET
EL SEXTO PALACIO
ROBERT SILVERBERG
WHAT WITH THE KID AND THE OLD LADY AROUND THE PLACE, LIFE IS REALLY GETTING TO BE A DRAG. SINCE MR. PRESTON AND I ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED...
YOU REALLY EXPECTED ME TO RESCUE THE PRINCESS?

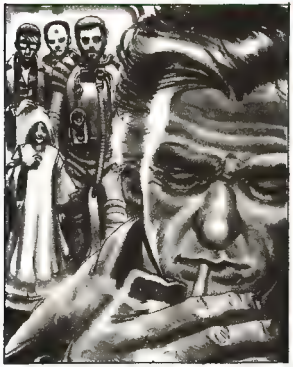

WELL, YOU CAN JUST FORGET IT! I HAVE NO IDEA HOW YOU GOT PAST OHM, BUT YOU WON'T GET PAST ME!
I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO MY ACOLYTES...THEY'LL HAVE GREAT FUN WITH YOU.
WHAT...WHAT'S THIS?
STOP THEM! TAKE THEM OFF OF ME!

YOU REPAIRED IT. JEEZ, IT'S A MIRACLE THAT SHE HASN'T DIED YET.
IT SHOULD BE ALL READY IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES. THE BREAKDOWN AFFECTED THE AUXILIARY UNIT AS WELL. THE CAUSE WAS AN ENERGETIC OVERCHARGE SUPPLIED BY OUR LITTLE FRIEND OVER THERE.

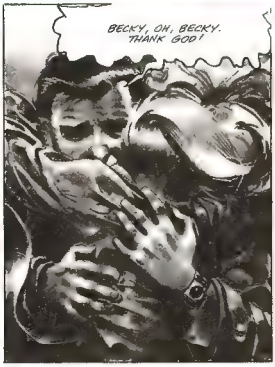
THERE SHE IS. I MADE IT AT LAST
BUT WHAT ???

STOP! NOT ONE STEP MORE!
I'LL NEVER LET YOU NEAR HER!
NEVER!
NO!

WE'VE MADE IT AS SAFE AS WE COULD, TO PUT IT SIMPLY, THE SYSTEM TRIES TO SUPPRESS THE TRAUMA WITHIN THE INDIVIDUAL'S PSYCHE.
BUT, SURELY IT MUST WORK? YOU CAN RELEASE MY DAUGHTER FROM HER COMA, CAN'T YOU?
MAYBE, WE'RE TRYING, BUT IT'S VERY RISKY AS YOU KNOW.



DADDY! DADDY!
BECKY!


BECKY, OH, BECKY. THANK GOD!

I'M ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR BRINGING HER BACK SAFE AND SOUND. I DON'T KNOW HOW....
EXCUSE ME. ONE MOMENT WE'VE GOTTA TALK.

AND WHEN WE PREPARED TO PULL YOU OUT, BOTH THE MAIN AND BACK-UP CIRCUITS BUSTED.
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. ALL THE CIRCUITS ARE MULTIPLE.

THE GIRL HERSELF EXUDED INCREDIBLE ENERGY.
GOOD GOD, THAT MUST BE IT! THAT KID HAS GOT AN EXTRASENSORY POWER AND HAS BEEN MANHANDLING US AS SHE SAW FIT.
YES, FROM THE VERY BEGINNING. SHE'S REALLY BEEN IN CHARGE THE WHOLE TIME. THIS WHOLE "NIGHTMARE" HAS BEEN JUST THAT. WE'VE BEEN PAWNS IN HER GAME.
BEEP
POHL SPEAKING!
I'LL TAKE IT. MR. PRESTON IS BUSY RIGHT NOW.
AN OUTSIDE CALL FOR MR. PRESTON!
HANG ON.
NO, SHE WANTS MR. PRESTON IN PERSON. IT'S RATHER PRIVATE. SOMETHING VERY SERIOUS HAS HAPPENED IN HIS HOME... VERY WELL, THANK YOU.
MR PRESTON, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE.
JIMENEZ ©
THE END

Frank Frazetta Sets Up Shop

by S. C. Ringgenberg

Few painters receive recognition during their careers, fewer still become household words in their own lifetimes, and it's unprecedented for any artist to open his own museum. It's a characteristically bold move, yet appropriate to the times, for in 1985, at the age of fifty-seven, fantasy painter Frank Frazetta is already something of an American institution, a notion borne out by his justification for opening the museum: "It was due to the popularity of the work. The fans were constantly asking if they could come see the originals. The best we've done through the years was have some exhibits at different conventions. We're doing it for all the people that have had fun with my work. It's not for profit, because the money's here. I could've sold the paintings and gotten rich, probably, but they're here for the world. You can't take them with you. Besides, my joy is in showing the work." So, on April 6 of this year, heralded by a ribbon-cutting ceremony and major press coverage, the Frazetta Art Museum opened its doors to the world in downtown East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, only a few miles from the Frazettas' sprawling sixty-seven-acre estate.

After a twenty-year career as a cartoonist and painter, culminating in his winning SF fandom's Hugo Award as Best Artist in 1966, Frazetta burst beyond the narrow bounds of cult stardom to reach a worldwide audience of millions. His appeal is unique, cutting across all boundaries of race, class, and educational background. Among his fans are corporation presidents, movie moguls, and the likes of Marlon Brando, Orson Welles, George Lucas, Clint Eastwood, and Dick Clark. The four volumes of *The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta*, published by Bantam/Peacock Press, have gone through multiple printings for combined sales of over a million copies. A fifth volume, just out, will undoubtedly send that total climbing even higher. Along with this kind of widespread popularity come financial rewards. Frazetta's paintings—those few he periodically deigns to sell—command sums that start in the six-figure range and go nowhere but up. Sales of his self-published prints were large enough to underwrite the considerable expense of opening the museum.

The Frazetta Art Museum is very much a family operation, from conception to execution. "It was basically Ellie's idea," Frank recalled. Ellie Frazetta, Frank's wife, first conceived of the museum in 1983, upon the Frazettas' return from California, where they lived while Frank worked on *Fire and Ice*, the animated film he designed and co-produced. It was Ellie's tenacity and vision that saw the project through the two years of its construction.

Suffice it to say that the museum is a resounding success, a tasteful and comfortable space in which to view Frazetta's paintings. At present, only one wing of the museum is hung with artwork; it consists of several small rooms that feed into the main gallery. Throughout the museum, dark-colored antique furniture and African carvings from the Frazettas' personal collection provide an effective counterpoint to the bold colors and feral vitality of the paintings. The African art is used with notable success near the entrance to offset an unfinished but magnificent portrait of an Ashanti warrior. All of the work is displayed to advantage, however: each painting is well-lit, seeming to float weightlessly against the sky-blue gallery walls. And despite the sheer volume of work present, you do not get a sense of the paintings crowding one another. Each is allotted sufficient space for its cast of nightmare-spawned demons, brutish heroes, and impossibly lush Frazetta women to act out their terrifyingly vivid stories.

When confronted with this many Frazettas under a single roof, it's a little staggering to consider that what's on display represents only a fraction of the hundreds of paintings and drawings Frazetta has completed. A second, empty gallery directly across the hall from the main gallery may serve to display some of Frazetta's heretofore unseen work.

Any self-respecting aficionado will certainly find one or more of his favorite paintings hanging among the acknowledged classics and lesser-known gems. Visitors can see the entire *Conan* series arranged against one wall, some of them reworked and

startlingly different from their published incarnations. Also on view are the popular *Death Dealer*, which spawned a new series of paintings featuring the same character, the *Kane* series, *Phoenix Prime*, most of Frazetta's Burroughs paintings, and too many others to mention individually. There is, however, one early painting deserving of special mention, because Frazetta has reworked it into an authentic masterpiece. *Cat Girl*, originally done as a *Creepy* cover in 1966, obviously enjoys Frazetta's high regard; it adorns the museum's official poster.

That there are this many Frazettas still in the artist's possession, much less a museum to house them, is largely due to the sagacity of Ellie Frazetta, who has been Frazetta's agent since the sixties. It was she who set a precedent for cover artists by insisting on the return of Frank's originals, and by selling only first rights to his work. In discussing what he gave away over the years, Frazetta commented, "I gave away some good work, but not an awful lot, and I'm delighted that I didn't. I feel it was in the cards, the reason being this museum. Because, had I given everything away or sold everything, that would be that. The money would've been spent and the paintings would be anywhere and everywhere. Besides, I delight in doing a piece of work and watching people's reaction—that's the joy. Just like any artist, any performer—although I'm not looking for applause, I do like some feedback. And I used to get it through the mail and all that, but what's better than in person? I also learn that way. I pick up a feel about people and what their reaction is, positive or negative, and that's part of the learning process. Most of what I do is very pleasurable for me and very personal, but I'm unusual in that I do feel for people and I do paint for people and I think I always have." ●

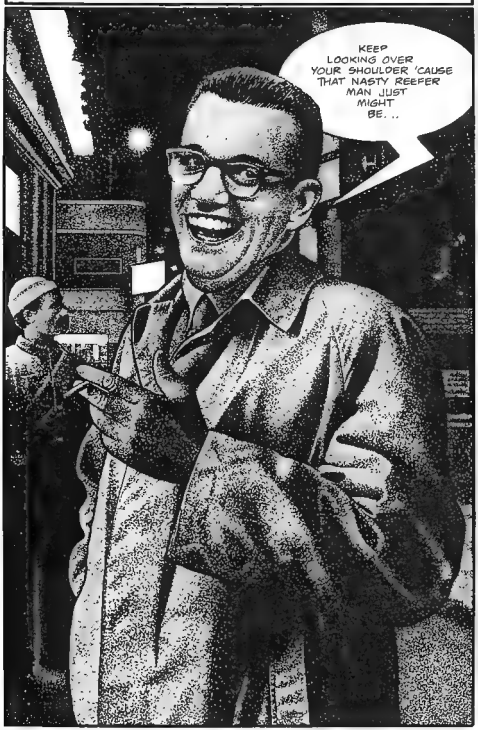
The Frazetta Art Museum is at 182 South Courtland Street, East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Museum hours are from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission is $4.00 per person.

BY DREW FRIEDMAN © 1985

BILL CULLEN ON THE WILD SIDE

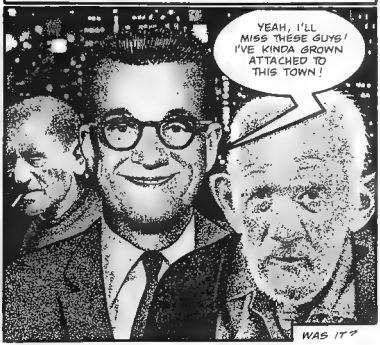
WAS THAT THE BELOVED GAME SHOW HOST, BILL CULLEN ROAMING THE SLEAZY STREETS OF CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE IN 1959 ??

SEARCHING FOR NASTY, DISREPUTABLE KICKS, NEW HIGHS AND LOWS -- FAR FROM THE SAFETY NET OF HOLLYWOOD.



COMING ON TO CHEAP, PROMISCUOUS DANCE HALL GIRLS IN HOPES OF LUST AND PASSION

"GETTING DOWN" WITH "HIS PEOPLE." WHAT WAS IT THAT DROVE THIS MAN TO THE LOWER DEPTHS OF HUMANITY ? YOU BE THE JUDGE !



WAS IT ?

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Ths Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sciabelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "DoomsculT," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Watter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interivew and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and *more*. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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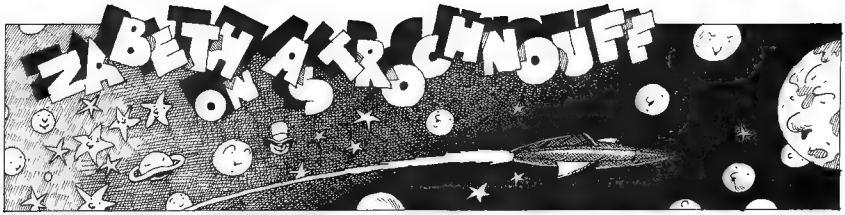
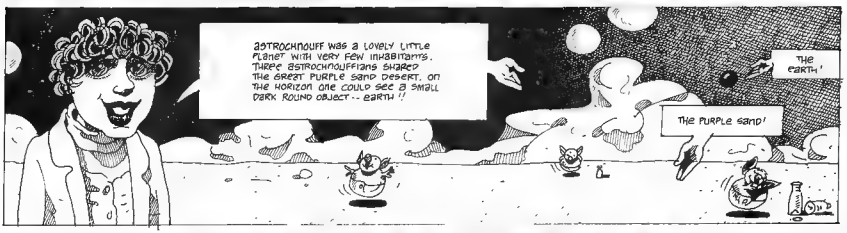
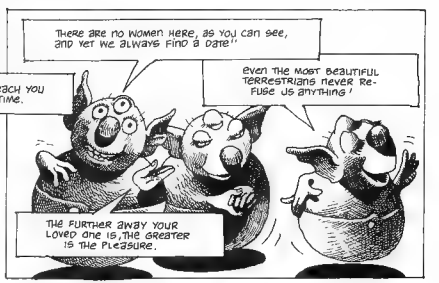

ZABETH ON ASTROCHNOUFF


ASTROCHNOUFF WAS A LOVELY LITTLE PLANET WITH VERY FEW INHABITANTS. THERE ASTROCHNOUFFIANS SHARED THE GREAT PURPLE SAND DESERT. ON THE HORIZON ONE COULD SEE A SMALL DARK ROUND OBJECT -- EARTH !!
THE EARTH !
THE PURPLE SAND!

I WAS THE ONLY HUMAN ON THE PLANET. I WAS STUDYING THE LANGUAGE, A VERY COMPLICATED ONE, SO THAT I COULD TALK TO THE ASTROCHNOUFFIANS AND TELL THEM ABOUT BACHIR.

DEAR SIR, I'M LOOKING FOR BASHIR DID HE COME TO THIS PLANET ?
YES ! HE CAME TO VISIT US A FEW YEARS AGO BUT HE LEFT VERY SOON, ASKING US TO FORGIVE HIM FOR HAVING NO TIME TO TAKE CARE OF US. THE THIRD WORLD REQUIRED ALL HIS ENERGIES AND ATTENTION...

THEN MY TRIP HAS BEEN USELESS!! I HAVE TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!
OH, PLEASE, STAY A WHILE! WE'LL TEACH YOU A WAY TO BE CLOSE TO HIM, ALL THE TIME.


THERE ARE NO WOMEN HERE, AS YOU CAN SEE, AND YET WE ALWAYS FIND A DATE!!
EVEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TERRESTRIANS NEVER REFUSE US ANYTHING !
THE FURTHER AWAY YOUR LOVED ONE IS, THE GREATER IS THE PLEASURE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW DO YOU MAKE LOVE ON THIS PLANET??
WE DON'T MAKE LOVE, WE BELLOW!
WHAT??!
I CHOOSE THE LOVELIEST GIRL AND THEN I BLOW ON HER WITH ALL MY MIGHT!
BUT BE CAREFUL. DON'T OVERDO IT! ONE CAN DIE OF PLEASURE EVEN ON ASTROCHNOUFF!
MAYBE HE WON'T LIKE IT?
JUST TRY! IT CERTAINLY WON'T HURT HIM!
BURNING WITH DESIRE, I RAN TO THE EDGE OF ASTROCHNOUFF
IN PATAGOUGOU A STRANGE PHENOMENON TOOK PLACE, MUCH TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE. DURING THAT VERY HOT AND WINDLESS SUMMER, BASHIR AHMAR'S HAIR SEEMED TO BE CONSTANTLY WAVING IN THE WIND, AND EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.
I CAN'T EVEN GO TO INTERNATIONAL EVENTS ANYMORE! THEY REQUIRE PROPER ATTIRE, AND MY HAIR REFUSES TO STAY IN ITS PLACE.
I SUFFER TERRIBLY. EVERYBODY MAKES FUN OF ME, AND NOBODY TAKES ME SERIOUSLY ANYMORE! I CAN'T TEACH BECAUSE MY STUDENTS ARE ALWAYS IN AN UPROAR.
SO I LOCK MYSELF IN MY HOUSE, FAR FROM THE NOISY CROWDS, AND I WRITE THOUSANDS OF BOOKS, TRYING TO DROWN MY SORROWS!
STOP IT! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL YOUR BASHIR!! HE CAN'T BE RIDICULED LIKE THIS, HE HAS A LOT OF WORK TO DO IN AFRICA!!
TOO BAD! I THOUGHT I HAD FOUND A SOLUTION! I'M LEAVING ASTROCHNOUFF: NOTHING KEEPS ME HERE ANYMORE!

I KEPT ON LOOKING FOR BASHIR ALL OVER EARTH.
I'M LOOKING FOR HIM, LOOKING FOR HIM!
I LOOKED FOR HIM ALL OVER THE SEAS.
I'M LOOKING FOR HIM, LOOKING FOR HIM!
WHAT ANGUISH, WHAT UNCERTAINTY! MAYBE HE'S IN PARIS RIGHT NOW!
I BECAME A FLIGHT ATTENDANT. I WAS SURE I WOULD SEE HIM ON A PLANE, SINCE HE'S ALWAYS TRAVELING TO DEFEND THE CAUSE OF THE OPPRESSED!
I'M LOOKING FOR HIM, LOOKING FOR HIM!
one day, in an airport...
ZABETH!! YOU! HERE!?! WHY??
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR YOU! I'M NOT LOOKING FOR YOU!
EDMOND, je t'aime, JE DIVORCE!
TOUS LES SOIRS
I HAVE MY DIGNITY, AFTER ALL!
SHE DOESN'T WANT ME! AND MY HAIR LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!
THE END

chain mail

Ratso's column (Ratso's Palazzo, May '85) mentioned the book *The Correct Sadist* by Terence Sellers. I have not been able to find this book at my local bookstore (regular or adult). Could you please give ordering information?

Alan Gould
Miami Beach, FL

The Correct Sadist *is available through Grove Press.*—Eds.

HM has been my favorite mag for years, which says a lot, because *HM* does have its ups and downs. (*We think that's something* else *you've got in your hand.* —Eds.) So I'm writing about Ratso's new column to say it is a definite up—a voice from the present as a science fiction story from the past. The man flirts with actually piercing the human drama to reveal the larger forces we all serve.
Thanks, bravo, and keep up the good work!

Steve Cooper
New York, NY

Is the Larry "Ratso" Sloman who writes for you the same Larry "Ratso" Sloman who was on Richard Belzer's *Hot Properties*?

Doris Pesci
Eugene, OR

Yes, that was our man Ratso. By the way, Ratso has sublet his palazzo for the summer. He will return in September.—Eds.

Why have you printed an interminable serial by someone who can't draw, doesn't know how to tell a story with panels, and in general neither exemplifies the best of good tradition nor adds to the development of panel storytelling art, while the first story by someone who can draw in the best tradition is a one-shot "fragment"?
I refer of course to your April 1985 "The Vengeance of Arn, Fragments" by Dionnet and Gal (who?). Surely there is more of their work, if not more of the story. (One would hope that there is also more of the story; it is certainly a depressing "end.") Please either print more of their work or tell me where more of it appears.

Bob Jean
Carbondale, ILL

Heavy Metal *published a book of their work,* Conquering Armies, *a few eons back, but unfortunately it's out of print. Check with local comics shops—they might have a dusty copy around.*—Eds.

I've never been as happy as when I laid eyes on your May 1985 cover at my local 7-Eleven. In my opinion, almost nothing you've run has matched Gaetano Liberatore's "Ranxerox" in storytelling and graphic design. Nothing. Thank you for this cover, but it makes me ask: Is there a "Ranxerox III"?

Kevin Lloyd
Los Angeles, CA

Glad you asked, Kev. We too are anxiously awaiting a "Ranxerox III," and we'll even say that you'll probably see it soon. Have you heard that someone's trying to launch the movie in Europe?—Eds.

Your interview with Paul Bartel was really the highlight of your April '85 issue. Bartel has always been one of my favorite actor/comedians. He was great even in Christine McVie's video gig. The interview really made me want to see *Death Race 2000* again. It was the best piece in your mag since the interview with Louis Malle.

Clark Hunter
Boston, MA

I couldn't agree less with Professor Logan Azimuth of Newark, New Jersey (June 1985). I do not find Daniel Torres's work, "Triton" and "The Whisper Mystery," at all racist. His work is intriguing and funny, so lighten up! He's not laughing at us—he's laughing with us.

Dr. William Benton James
Champagne, ILL

Just thought I'd let you know that William Gibson (May 1985 Dossier interview) won the Nebula Award this year for his novel *Neuromancer*. No, I'm not his mother.

Lilo Bing
Los Angeles, CA

Here's an idea that might interest your readers.
The new video technology gives filmmakers a rare chance to present their work without bureaucratic alteration. It seems definitely feasible to release videocassette versions of films in *two* forms—one for the intelligent and discerning viewer, and one carved up with the scalpel of Public Standards.
I think this idea has at least one ball, and I'm tossing it out to see if someone wants to run with it.

Bets of lux,
Roldo

Shouldn't you send this letter to K-Tel?—Eds.

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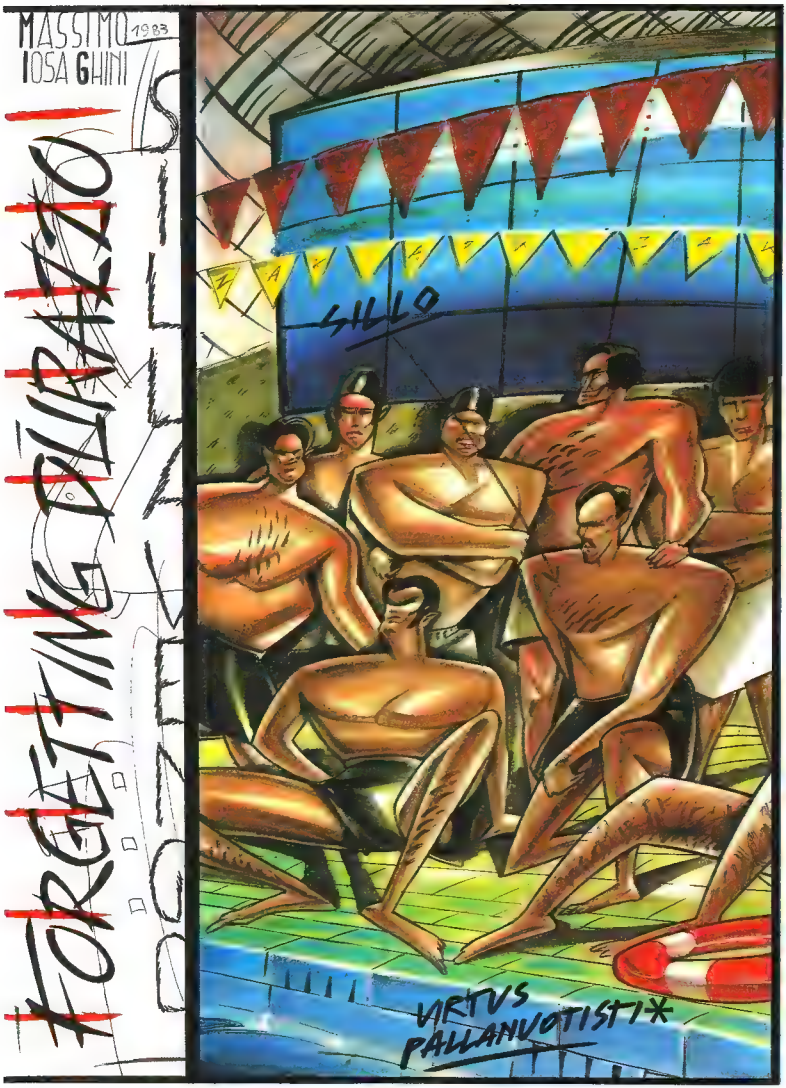
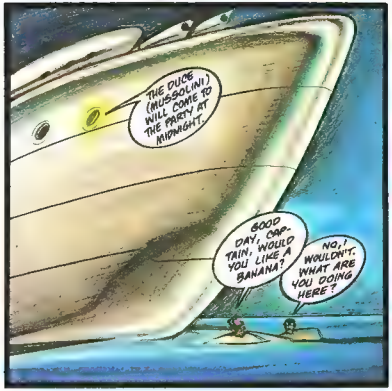


* 'VIRTUS' WATER POLO TEAM

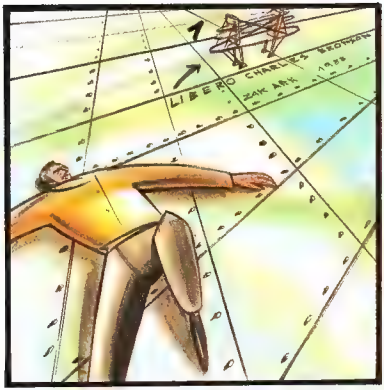

THE DUCE (MUSSOLINI) WILL COME TO THE PARTY AT MIDNIGHT.
GOOD DAY, CAPTAIN, WOULD YOU LIKE A BANANA?
NO, I WOULDN'T. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING EPISODES:

CAPTAIN EDUARDO ALBERTO SILLAVENGO -- ITALIAN HERO VACATIONING IN PALERMO -- BY CHANCE RUNS INTO THE FASCINATING ADVENTURESS NADIA PENJAKOFF, AND FOLLOWS HER TO DURAZZO. FOR REASONS OF STATE AND LOVE. IN DURAZZO, AFTER A BRIEF AFFAIR -- MYSTICAL AND EROTIC -- WITH AIDA, A TALL ETHIOPIAN, HE IS THROWN IN THE OCEAN BY SAULO DREGDA, THE TERRIBLE USTASCIA FROM THE BALKANS, WHILE THE SHIP ON WHICH NADIA IS SAILING GOES OFF INTO THE NIGHT....

I WILL TAKE OVER THE CENTER OF TOWN AND WILL START TRANSMITTING THE NEWS ON THE RADIO. I WILL TAKE OVER THE COMMAND. THE NEXT DAY WE WILL START BUILDING MY CITY.

A TERRIBLE STORM BREAKS LOOSE. ONLY CAPTAIN PERFIDO PILASTRO REMAINS ON DECK, CURSING HIS CABIN BOY, ACHAB, WHO IS LOCKED IN HIS CABIN, MAKING LOVE TO BETTY.

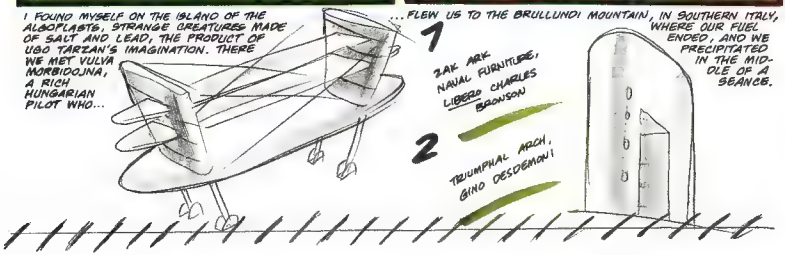


FROM THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO: I FAINTED. FULL OF WONDER, I WITNESSED THE MYTHICAL UNION AND METAMORPHOSIS OF A SHIP AND A BRIDGE INTO A TABLE. FINALLY I OPENED MY EYES.

I WAS LYING ON A METAL SURFACE WHICH WAS BURNING HOT. THE WHALE BOAT HAD DISAPPEARED, TAKING NADIA WITH HER.

I FOUND MYSELF ON THE ISLAND OF THE ALLOPLASTS. STRANGE CREATURES MADE OF SALT AND LEAD, THE PRODUCT OF UGO TARZAN'S IMAGINATION. THERE WE MET VULVA MORBIDOJNA, A RICH HUNGARIAN PILOT WHO...

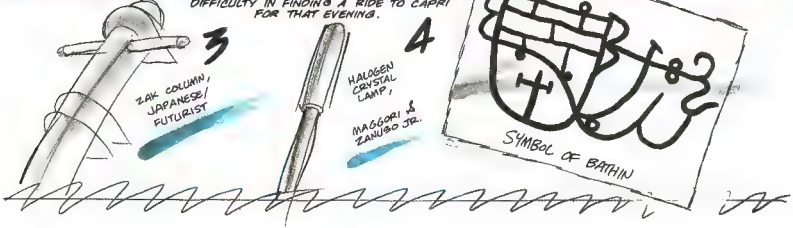
...FLEW US TO THE BRULLUNDI MOUNTAIN, IN SOUTHERN ITALY, WHERE OUR FUEL ENDED, AND WE PRECIPITATED IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEANCE.



I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED ONE OF THE GREATEST AND WILDEST MAGICIANS, BARTO, AN ENGINEER WHO WORKED IN MY OFFICE. BARTO HAD ALWAYS HAD A PENCHANT FOR THE OCCULT.

BATHIN, THE SPIRIT WHICH BARTO HAD CALLED, ARRIVED WITH ALL HIS 30 FOLLOWERS, IN A VERY UNFRIENDLY STATE OF MIND.

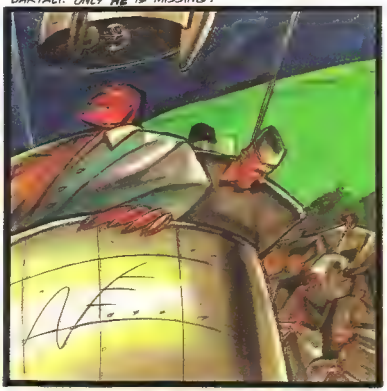
HE THREW US, WITH THE STRENGTH OF ALL HIS MENTAL POWER, ON THE BEACH OF SALERNO. IT WAS THE 11TH OF SEPTEMBER. WE HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN FINDING A RIDE TO CAPRI FOR THAT EVENING.



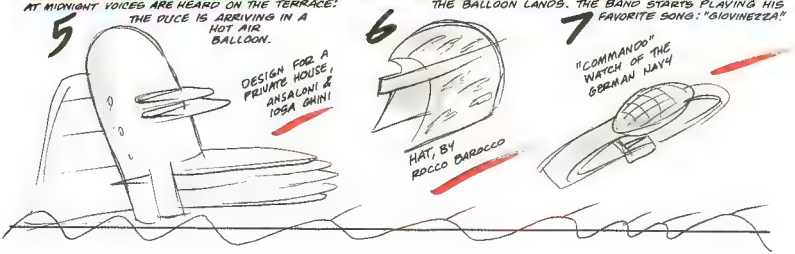
CAPRI, SEPTEMBER 11TH. GENNARO ACCOZZABIRILLI, HAVING FOUND THE KEYS TO CURZIO'S VILLA, HAS ORGANIZED A MAXI-PARTY.

INSIDE WE CAN RECOGNIZE MANY OF THE GUESTS: ACCOZZABIRILLI, ORIOLA FREZZOTTI WITH HIS ARMS AROUND ANAIS NIN, MR. SOTSASS SENIOR, TERRAGNI THE ARCHITECT, COPPI THE CYCLIST WITH HIS RIVAL, BARTALI. ONLY **HE** IS MISSING.

AT MIDNIGHT VOICES ARE HEARD ON THE TERRACE:

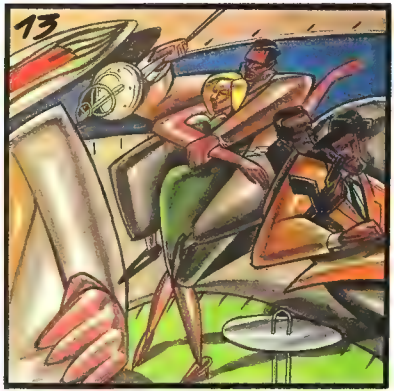


THE BALLOON LANDS. THE BAND STARTS PLAYING HIS FAVORITE SONG: "GIOVINEZZA."

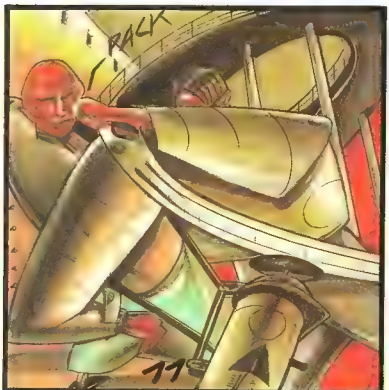

5
THE DUCE IS ARRIVING IN A HOT AIR BALLOON.
DESIGN FOR A PRIVATE HOUSE, ANSALONI & TOSA GHINI
6
HAT, 84 ROCCO BAROCCO
7
"COMMANDO" WATCH OF THE GERMAN NAVY

8
"MILENA" VENTILATOR, PADOVA
9
SWIMMING CORSET 'LONELY BILLY' STYLE
MIRRORS
BATHING SUIT IN LEAD, BY BRAMINO CORRADO
10
HELICOIDAL BEACH UMBRELLA, DESIGN GRUPPO ELETTRA
OMBRELLONE
10
BALLARDO
NADIA
STOP WHERE YOU ARE, BY JINGLE!!!
ZAVLO
ZITTO
8
9
ROX
AS SOON AS THE DICE ENTERS THE VILLA....

SILENCE REIGNS. NADIA POINTS HER PISTOL, BERTA, TOWARD THE DUCE'S STOMACH. ALL THE GUESTS SHUDDER IN HORROR.

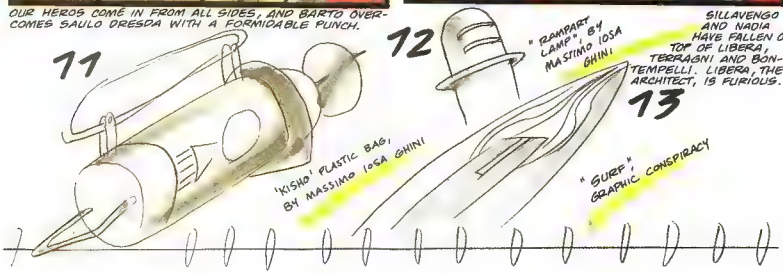


BUT SUDDENLY, WITH A BLOODCURDLING CRY, CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO PLUNGES INTO THE THICK OF IT.



OUR HEROS COME IN FROM ALL SIDES, AND BARTO OVERCOMES SAULO DRESDA WITH A FORMIDABLE PUNCH.

SILLAVENGO AND NADIA HAVE FALLEN ON TOP OF LIBERA. TERRAGNI AND BONTEMPELLI. LIBERA, THE ARCHITECT, IS FURIOUS.



NADIA STUMBLES OVER SILLAVENGO.

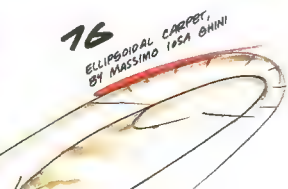
NADIA AND SILLAVENGO'S PASSION FOR EACH OTHER IS TOO STRONG TO RESIST...

...AND THEIR LIPS MEET IN AN INEVITABLE KISS!

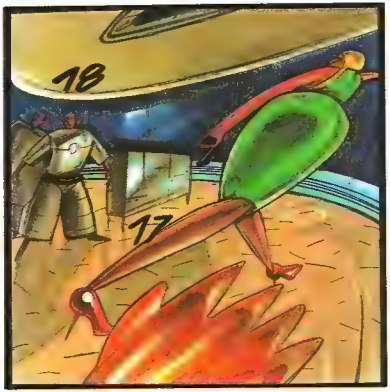
BUT RATIONALITY PREVAILS FINALLY IN THE COLD HEART OF THE RUSSIAN SPY.

14
CHAIR, BY KISHO KUROKAWA

15
PERCEPTION PRODUCING OBJECT, BY MASSIMO VITI

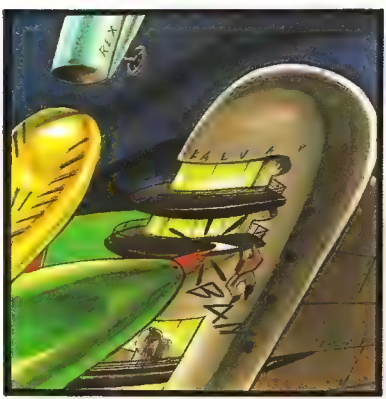


16
ELLIPSOIDAL CARPET, BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI



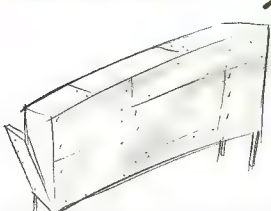
SHE RUNG AWAY.

AND WITH THESE IMAGES OF A FLYING SILLAVENGO IN HOT PURSUIT OF HIS SPY...



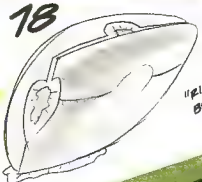
...THE FOURTH EPISODE ENDS, AMIDST GUN SHOTS AND FUTURISTIC ARCHITECTURE.

17



"DEFENSE DRESSER" BY STEFANO GIOVANNONI

18



"RIGID" DRESS BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI

TO BE CONTINUED

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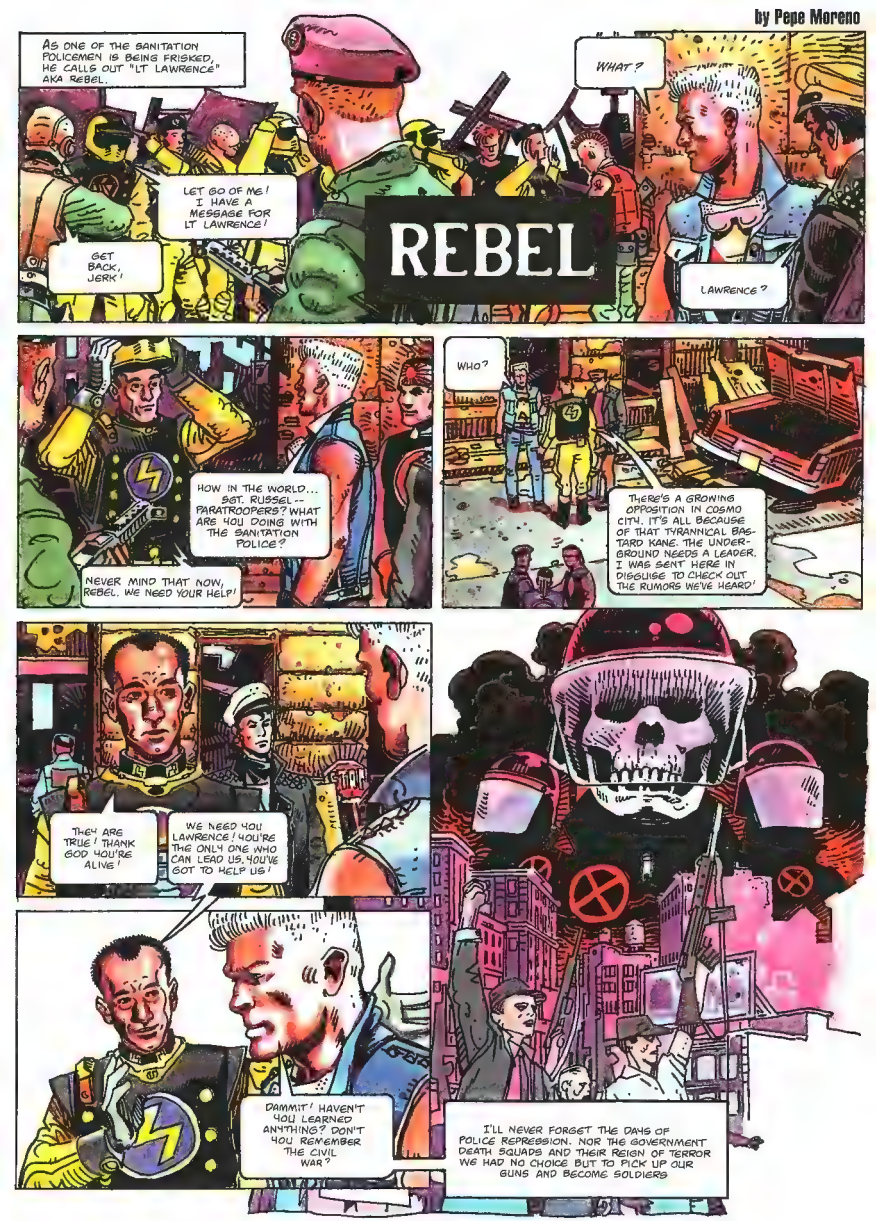
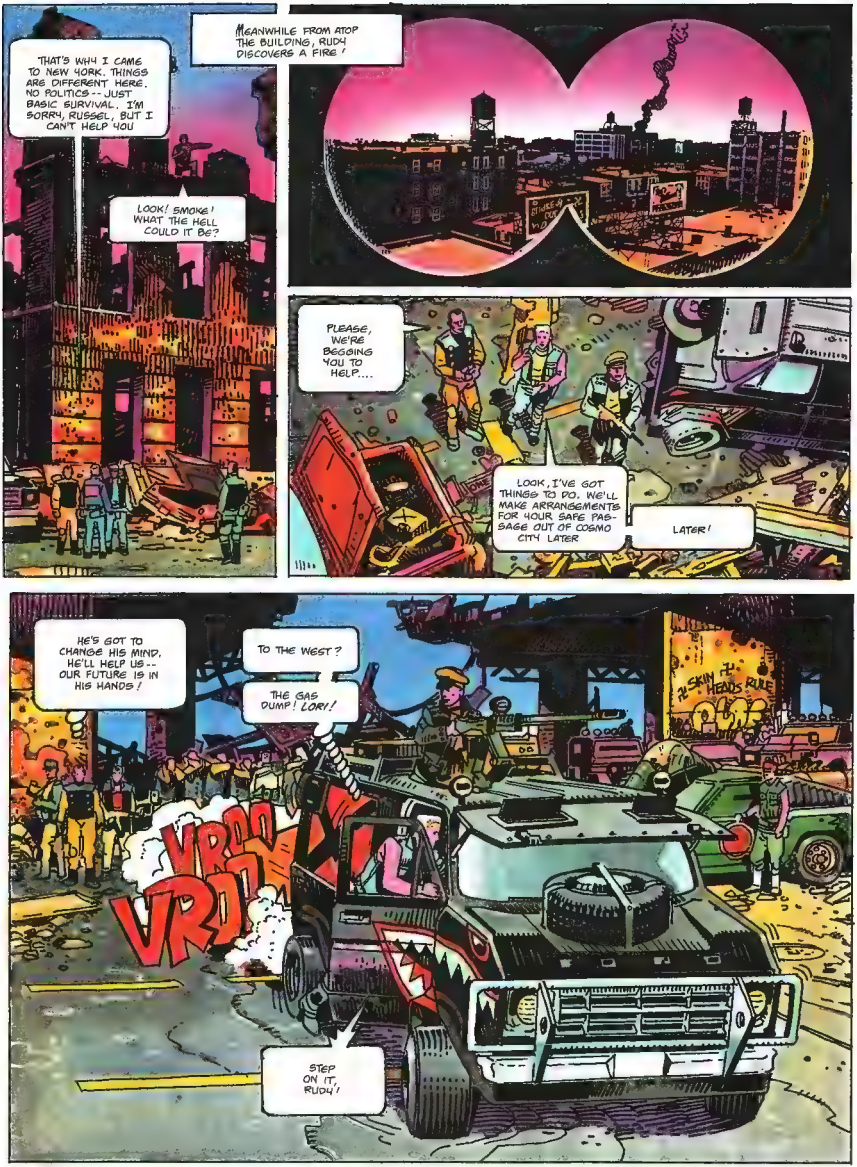
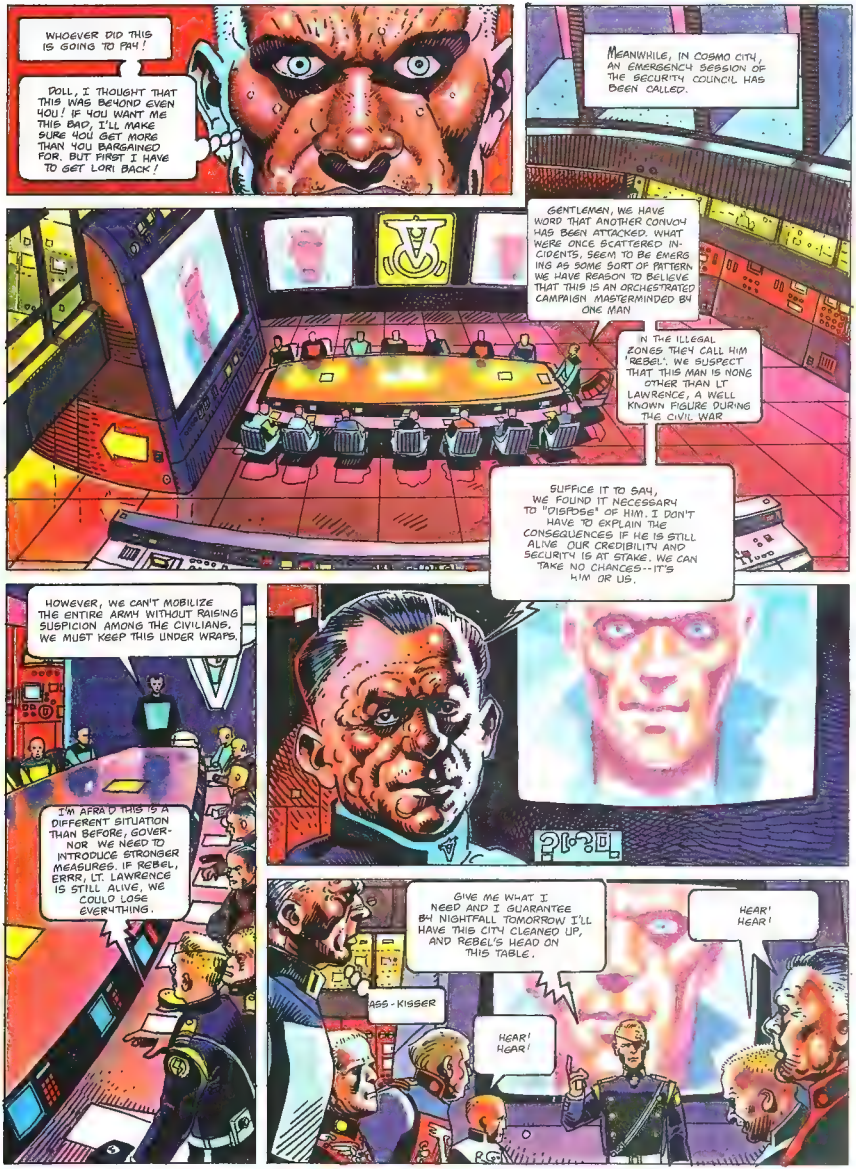

AS ONE OF THE SANITATION POLICEMEN IS BEING FRISKED, HE CALLS OUT "LT LAWRENCE" AKA REBEL.
LET GO OF ME! I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR LT LAWRENCE!
GET BACK, JERK!
REBEL
WHAT?
LAWRENCE?
HOW IN THE WORLD... SGT. RUSSEL -- PARATROOPERS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SANITATION POLICE?
NEVER MIND THAT NOW, REBEL. WE NEED YOUR HELP!
WHO?
THERE'S A GROWING OPPOSITION IN COSMO CITY. IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT TYRANNICAL BASTARD KANE. THE UNDERGROUND NEEDS A LEADER. I WAS SENT HERE IN DISGUISE TO CHECK OUT THE RUMORS WE'VE HEARD!
THEY ARE TRUE! THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE!
WE NEED YOU LAWRENCE! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN LEAD US. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US!
DAMMIT! HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANYTHING? DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE CIVIL WAR?
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAYS OF POLICE REPRESSION. NOR THE GOVERNMENT DEATH SQUADS AND THEIR REIGN OF TERROR WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO PICK UP OUR GUNS AND BECOME SOLDIERS

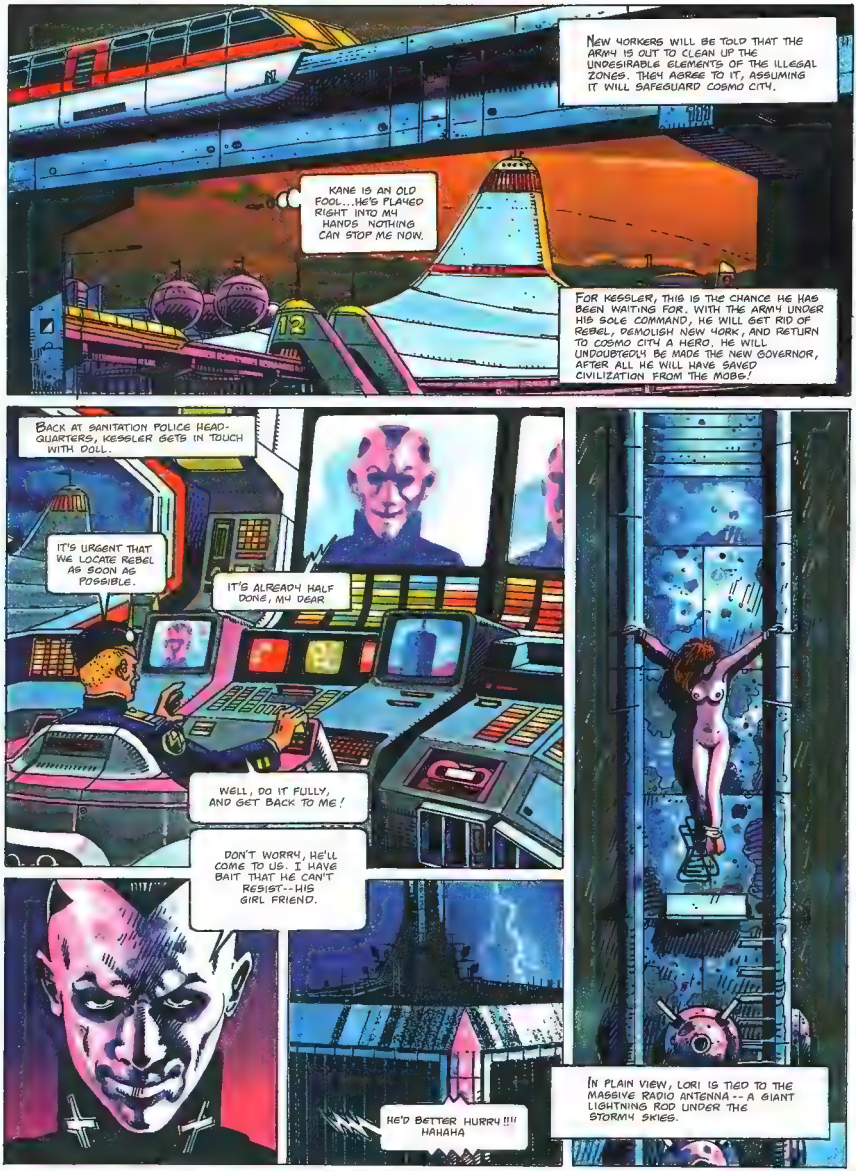
THEN IT WAS A REAL CIVIL WAR. WE ALL LEARNED THE HARD WAY -- ON THE STREETS, FIGHTING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER. A PROVISIONAL ARMY STRUCTURE WAS THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THE WAR. WE ALL PROMISED TO DISMANTLE THE ARMY IF WE WON. WE CELEBRATED VICTORY AT LAST. IN THOSE DAYS, THE FUTURE LOOKED BRIGHT. A NEW START FOR US ALL.
I NEVER FORGOT MY PROMISE. BUT UNFORTUNATELY, MANY OTHERS DID. THE NEW MILITARY ELITE THAT EMERGED FROM THE WAR, WANTED THINGS TO STAY THE SAME. SOON THEY PLOTTED AGAINST ME. MY OWN COMRADES WANTED ME DEAD. THERE WERE PURGES, ASSASSINATIONS, AND MANY ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE. THEY WERE MORE POWER HUNGRY THAN THE REGIME THEY REPLACED. THE CIVIL WAR HAD CHANGED NOTHING.
I WAS ON THE TOP OF THEIR HIT LIST. BUT THEY KNEW HOW TO GET TO ME -- THEY KILLED OFF MY FRIENDS ONE BY ONE. THAT'S WHAT MADE ME DECIDE TO DISAPPEAR. IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD I WAS DEAD. I MADE A PROMISE TO MYSELF NEVER TO GET INVOLVED WITH POLITICS AGAIN. POWER CORRUPTS -- EVEN THE GOOD GUYS GO BAD!

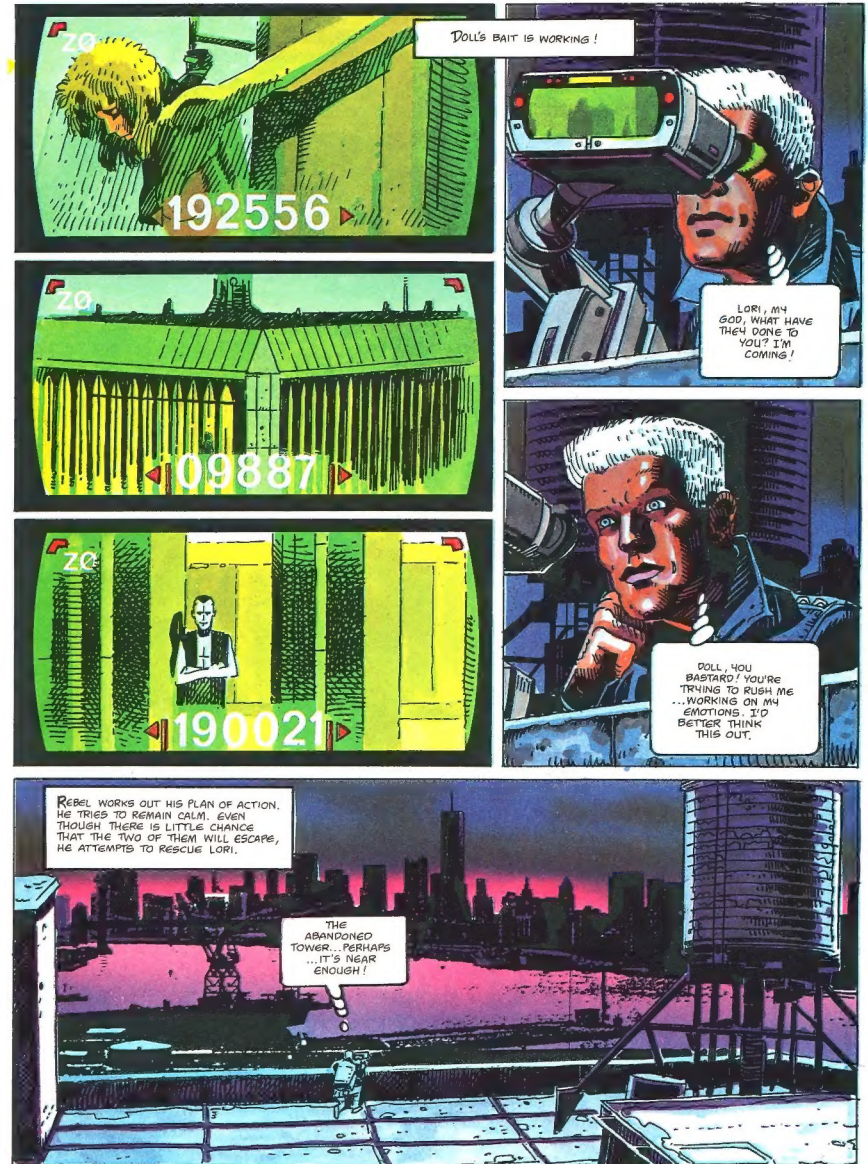

THAT'S WHY I CAME TO NEW YORK. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT HERE. NO POLITICS -- JUST BASIC SURVIVAL. I'M SORRY, RUSSEL, BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU
LOOK! SMOKE! WHAT THE HELL COULD IT BE?
MEANWHILE FROM ATOP THE BUILDING, RUDY DISCOVERS A FIRE!
PLEASE, WE'RE BEGGING YOU TO HELP....
LOOK, I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO. WE'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF COSMO CITY LATER
LATER!
HE'S GOT TO CHANGE HIS MIND. HE'LL HELP US -- OUR FUTURE IS IN HIS HANDS!
TO THE WEST?
THE GAS DUMP! LORI!
SKIN HEADS RULE
VROOM VROOM
STEP ON IT, RUDY!

MINUTES LATER, REBEL'S WORST FEARS ARE CONFIRMED!
IT'S OUR OTHER VAN! SHIT! WE'RE TOO LATE!
RUDY, WE GOTTA GET THE DOGS OFF THEM! THEY MAY STILL BE ALIVE!
A PACK OF WILD DOGS HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD. HUNGRY AND VICIOUS, THEY WILL NOT GIVE UP THEIR "SLIPPER" EASILY.
BLAM!
BLAM!
EAT LEAD, YOU MONGRELS!
THUMP
POOP
DAMN THOSE SKINHEAD BASTARDS! THEY DID THIS!
OOOOH NOOOO
BIFF'S HAD IT! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

NO PLEASE... NO MORE! PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE!
SHRIMP! SHE'S ALIVE!
THE DELIRIOUS SHRIMP IS UNTIED! REBEL TRIES TO CALM HER DOWN.
EASY, SHRIMP. IT'S ME! REBEL!
JESUS, WHAT A MESS!
THOSE FUCKERS! WE'LL GET THEM GOOD!
THE OTHERS! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
THEY'RE ALL... DEAD. . COUGH.. THEY GOT LORI, DOLL'S SKINHEADS... BASTARDS DID THIS... I THINK IT'S A ...
TRAP, REBEL
DON'T LET THEM HURT ANYONE ELSE!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! GET THEM!
BLAM! BLAM!
REBEL KNEW WHAT TO DO. CALL IT MERCY KILLING, BUT BETTER A QUICK DEATH THAN A LINGERING AGONY!
LATER IN AN ABANDONED CHAPEL...
WE SHOULD BE SAFE HERE! NOBODY CAN HARM US NOW. FIRST, I HAVE TO GET LORI BACK. THEN I SWEAR... THEY'LL PAY!
THESE DAYS, FRIENDSHIP IS THE ONLY RELIGION. THE REMAINS OF SHRIMP AND THE OTHERS ARE HIDDEN IN AN OLD CHAPEL, SAFE FROM PREDATORS AND THE LIKES.


WHOEVER DID THIS IS GOING TO PAY!
DOLL, I THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS BEYOND EVEN YOU! IF YOU WANT ME THIS BAD, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR. BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GET LORI BACK!
MEANWHILE, IN COSMO CITY, AN EMERGENCY SESSION OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL HAS BEEN CALLED.
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE WORD THAT ANOTHER CONVOY HAS BEEN ATTACKED. WHAT WERE ONCE SCATTERED INCIDENTS, SEEM TO BE EMERGING AS SOME SORT OF PATTERN. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS AN ORCHESTRATED CAMPAIGN MASTERMINDED BY ONE MAN
IN THE ILLEGAL ZONES THEY CALL HIM 'REBEL'. WE SUSPECT THAT THIS MAN IS NONG OTHER THAN LT LAWRENCE, A WELL KNOWN FIGURE DURING THE CIVIL WAR
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, WE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO "DISPOSE" OF HIM. I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN THE CONSEQUENCES IF HE IS STILL ALIVE. OUR CREDIBILITY AND SECURITY IS AT STAKE. WE CAN TAKE NO CHANCES--IT'S HIM OR US.
HOWEVER, WE CAN'T MOBILIZE THE ENTIRE ARMY WITHOUT RAISING SUSPICION AMONG THE CIVILIANS. WE MUST KEEP THIS UNDER WRAPS.
I'M AFRAID THIS IS A DIFFERENT SITUATION THAN BEFORE, GOVERNOR. WE NEED TO INTRODUCE STRONGER MEASURES. IF REBEL, ERRR, LT LAWRENCE IS STILL ALIVE, WE COULD LOSE EVERYTHING.
?!@#$!
GIVE ME WHAT I NEED AND I GUARANTEE BY NIGHTFALL TOMORROW I'LL HAVE THIS CITY CLEANED UP, AND REBEL'S HEAD ON THIS TABLE.
HEAR! HEAR!
ASS-KISSER
HEAR! HEAR!


NEW YORKERS WILL BE TOLD THAT THE ARMY IS OUT TO CLEAN UP THE UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS OF THE ILLEGAL ZONES. THEY AGREE TO IT, ASSUMING IT WILL SAFEGUARD COSMO CITY.
KANE IS AN OLD FOOL...HE'S PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW.
FOR KESSLER, THIS IS THE CHANCE HE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR. WITH THE ARMY UNDER HIS SOLE COMMAND, HE WILL GET RID OF REBEL, DEMOLISH NEW YORK, AND RETURN TO COSMO CITY A HERO. HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE MADE THE NEW GOVERNOR, AFTER ALL HE WILL HAVE SAVED CIVILIZATION FROM THE MOBS!
BACK AT SANITATION POLICE HEADQUARTERS, KESSLER GETS IN TOUCH WITH DOLL.
IT'S URGENT THAT WE LOCATE REBEL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
IT'S ALREADY HALF DONE, MY DEAR
WELL, DO IT FULLY, AND GET BACK TO ME!
DON'T WORRY, HE'LL COME TO US. I HAVE BAIT THAT HE CAN'T RESIST--HIS GIRL FRIEND.
HE'D BETTER HURRY!!! HAHAHA
IN PLAIN VIEW, LORI IS TIED TO THE MASSIVE RADIO ANTENNA -- A GIANT LIGHTNING ROD UNDER THE STORMY SKIES.


ZO
192556
DOLL'S BAIT IS WORKING!
LORI, MY GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? I'M COMING!
ZO
09887
ZO
190021
DOLL, YOU BASTARD! YOU'RE TRYING TO RUSH ME ...WORKING ON MY EMOTIONS. I'D BETTER THINK THIS OUT.
REBEL WORKS OUT HIS PLAN OF ACTION. HE TRIES TO REMAIN CALM. EVEN THOUGH THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE THAT THE TWO OF THEM WILL ESCAPE, HE ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE LORI.
THE ABANDONED TOWER...PERHAPS ...IT'S NEAR ENOUGH!

TO BE CONTINUED

Trivial Metal

1. What Hitchcock film starred Grace Kelly and Raymond Burr?

2. Match the sf writers with their books:

William Gibson	*The Shattered Chain*
Philip K. Dick	*Fahrenheit 451*
Samuel Delaney	*Neuromancer*
Ray Bradbury	*Time Out Of Joint's*
Marion Zimmer Bradley	*The Einstein Intersection*
J. G. Ballard	*Childhood's End*
Arthur C. Clarke	*The Atrocity Exhibition*

3. Who starred in the James Bond film *On Her Majesty's Secret Service?*

4. Trekkies: What color was Spock's blood?

5. What was Mighty Mouse called during the first year of the Terrytoon cartoon series?

6. Who is Donald Duck's creator?

7. What Rolling Stones album cover was designed by Andy Warhol and had a real zipper attached to each copy?

8. What European magazine inspired *Heavy Metal*?

9. Who directed the four segments of *Twilight Zone—The Movie*?

1. *Rear Window.* 2. William Gibson/*Neuromancer;* Philip K. Dick/*Time Out Of Joint's;* Samuel Delaney/*The Einstein Intersection;* Ray Bradbury/*Fahrenheit 451;* Marion Zimmer Bradley/*The Shattered Chain;* J. G. Ballard/*The Atrocity Exhibition;* Arthur C. Clarke/*Childhood's End.* 3. George Lazenby. 4. Green. 5. Super Mouse. 6. Carl Barks. 7. *Sticky Fingers.* 8. *Metal Hurlant.* 9. John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, George Miller.

For answers to July's Trivial Metal, see page 3!

A LONE WARRIOR SEARCHING FOR HIS DESTINY...A TRIBE OF LOST CHILDREN WAITING FOR A HERO...
IN A WORLD BATTLING TO SURVIVE, THEY FACE A WOMAN DETERMINED TO RULE.

HOLD OUT FOR MAD MAX
THIS IS HIS GREATEST ADVENTURE.

MEL GIBSON IS

MAD MAX
BEYOND THUNDERDOME

Starring TINA TURNER

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Corben!
Moreno!
Giminez! Torres!
DON'T LET THEM HURT ANYONE ELSE!
SILENTLY, THE NOISELESS HORRORS ADVANCE...
AAAIEEE!
I SEE THE ACCURSED WHICH STILL FEEDS ON THE POOR PRINCESS'S SUBJECTS.